

The Elks Magazine



FEBRUARY
1938

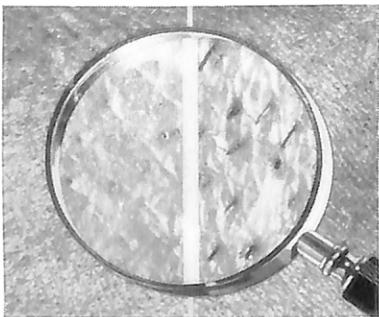
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THE CHEEK IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!



• "Making whiskers disappear like magic is one of the easiest tricks on earth," says Blackstone, master magician who amazes crowds nightly with his feats of wizardry. "Just slip a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and—presto—you've got the cleanest, closest, longest-lasting shave money

can buy. Nobody can fool me on razor blades or shaving methods. I've tried them all. That's why I say, the cheek is quicker than the eye. Shave the Gillette way and your face *feels* the difference instantly. And what's more, it *shows* the difference—looks cleaner and smoother—for hours to come!"



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• Misfit razor blades may fool the eye—but not the cheek! When shaving edges protrude too far, or not far enough—you feel the difference instantly. Avoid misfits. Demand Gillette Blades. They are precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor accurately!



• An alarm clock may get you up—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to wake up your face! No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade tones your skin magically—makes it feel fit and look fit for hours to come.

Why Some Men Grow Rich So Fast

What's the REAL secret of those who make fortunes? Let's toss aside the old "success-story" fairy tales—and the wall-mottoes about "Work Hard" and "Strive and Succeed." They're bunk; and you know it!

YOU'VE seen men work till they were ready to drop—and get nowhere. You've seen fellows with as much brains as anyone else—rutted in miserable jobs; waiting year after year for "dead men's shoes," for the man above to pass out of the picture, or move up a peg!

You've seen these things. They're *real* to you. And you've puzzled time and time again over what is the *TRUE* reason some men grow rich so fast—while others stand still. This question once puzz'ed another man who has since become famous. Years ago Napoleon Hill determined to find the answer to it. AND HE HAS!

How He Analyzed Henry Ford Once Each Year for Over 20 Years

Over a period of 25 years Napoleon Hill went personally to the men who had *made* fortunes. Asked them how the *AVERAGE MAN* could get rich. Got close to men like Ford, Edison, Wrigley, Schwab, Woolworth, Eastman, Gillette, Firestone, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Armour, Marshall Field—to over 500 rich men, most of whom *had* been poor. He spent hour after hour with them; eliminated theories; extracted and recorded their real secrets. Then he saw them again and again. They checked the truth of his findings, and personally approved them.

What These 13 Steps to Riches Will Do For You

Describe the inside secret of Ford's stupendous achievements.

Bring you the secret formula which was the basis of Carnegie's fortune.

Give you the "guts" to demand more of life and get it.

Show you how to convert ideas into cash.

Show you how to sell your services for more than you ever got before.

Show you how to master the 6 basic fears.

Show you how men start at scratch, without pull, great education or money, and accumulate fortunes.

Give you a practical knowledge of the mysterious "sixth sense" now being discussed all over the world.

Describe the astounding principle of the "Master Mind" used by all who accumulate great riches.

Explain the 5 major methods by which sex energy may be used to improve personality.

Explain the 5 steps to complete self-confidence.

Outline the 5 best ways to procure a position.

Show how to master procrastination.

Tell how to induce others to cooperate with you in business and social relationships.

saw Ford. And he got to know him well. (In fact, Mr. Hill's first automobile was delivered to him by Mr. Ford, who drove it around the block and showed him how to run it.) Then Hill made his first personal analysis of Ford—and *has done so once each year for over 20 years*. He has carefully made note of every principle used by Ford in his miraculous rise from poverty to power.

The 13 Steps to Riches

Out of this research has come an amazing new book which tells the THIRTEEN definite, practical ways for ANY AVERAGE MAN OR WOMEN to grow rich. "THINK AND GROW RICH" does not give you mental tricks, exercises, or copy-book notions about "sticking at it," "strive hard," or any claptrap. It tells CLEARLY the 13 specific steps to riches YOU can easily start to take the minute you begin reading the book—the actual steps that have led to thousands and millions of dollars for other men and women who had NO MORE TO START WITH THAN YOU HAVE AT THIS VERY MOMENT!

This book will give you a SUCCESS MIND—bring you into immediate contact with a new irresistible POWER which will automatically remove the obstacles that get in your way. It will cause you to think in bigger ideas—banish self-consciousness and an "inferiority complex"—give you a dynamic, magnetic personality that will draw people to you, gain their hearty co-operation. It will tell you how to put back into yourself even greater power, courage, and faith than the depression took out of you. It will start new ideas flowing through your mind. And it will bring you RICHES—in money, friendships, family and business associations, and in harmony within your own mind!

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The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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FEBRUARY 1938

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Proclamation.

To the Elks of America

Whereas in February, 1868 in the City of New York, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was founded, and during a period of seventy years has exemplified the true spirit of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, and Fidelity, and

Whereas the destiny of our Order is linked with the destiny of our country, patriotism being first in our hearts as loyal Elks and Americans, and

Whereas we wish to perpetuate the high ideals of our fraternal activities, all Subordinate Lodges are urged to initiate a class of candidates on the date of our anniversary . . . patriotic, charitable, and fraternal-thinking men, worthy to become affiliated with our Order,

Now therefore, I, Charles Spencer Hart, by the authority vested in me as Grand Exalted Ruler, hereby issue special dispensation to all Subordinate Lodges in our Order to hold a regular lodge meeting on February 16, 1938, to be known as the Seventieth Anniversary Meeting.

I request that appropriate arrangements be made in all Subordinate Lodges to celebrate properly this important occasion, "The Seventieth Anniversary of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America."

Charles Spencer Hart

GRAND EXALTED RULER

ATTEST:

J. E. Moxley

GRAND SECRETARY



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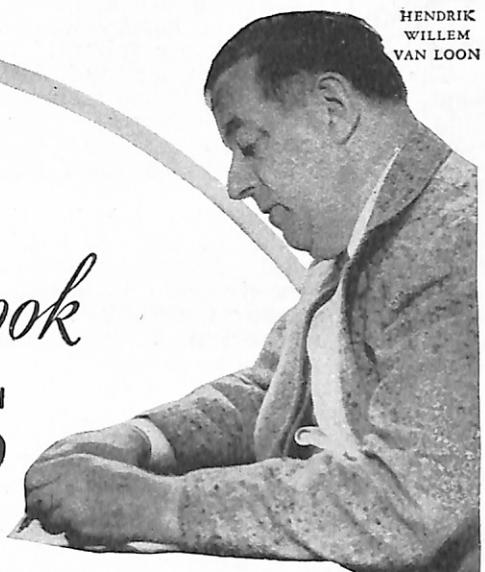
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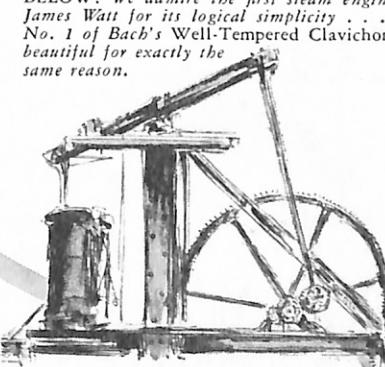
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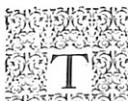
of the Islamites and the gardens of Persia; in Provence, Renaissance Italy, Rembrandt's Holland and Beethoven's Vienna. We read not merely about the towering figures—Giotto, Michelangelo, Velasquez, Wagner, Beethoven—but explore a thousand bypaths. Always the emphasis is laid on the human beings who made that art and who have heard it, viewed it, enjoyed it for hundreds of centuries.

AT LEFT: THE GENTLEMAN PAINTER. Rubens leaves his native town on a foreign mission.

BELOW: THE OLDEST PICTURE OF MAN. The creature, Van Loon points out, is engaged in his customary pastime of killing his fellowmen.



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DOT PHILLIPS looked at her husband and said, "How can I be happy—what woman *could* be happy—married to a failure!"

The word had been drumming in her mind for a long time, but now, spoken, it had a shattering, final sound that scared her. Bill's face had jerked up, and for a second they stared at each other with startled, appalled faces, as though between them something valuable lay in pieces.

Then Bill said slowly, "I hadn't thought of it like that. I'd thought you and the kid had about everything you needed. I know—running a gas station's not exactly a society job. But seems to me you knew what kind of a guy I was when we were married. I was a good mechanic then, and I'm a good mechanic now. Four years ago you seemed to be satisfied."

She whirled around from the mirror, where she had been wiping off lipstick. "You said it—you said the whole thing right then! Four years ago we were just where we are now, and we haven't moved two inches. Sure, I was satisfied then. This was all pretty good to start out from—but we haven't started. We're still here!"

She laughed angrily, and looked around the little room, at Bill, undressed and in bed, although it wasn't nine o'clock yet. The room was cozy enough with the bedside lamp on, and the electric heater glowing in the corner. There were two other rooms on this floor—one tiny one where the baby slept, and Dot's own sitting room where she kept geraniums on the windowsill and a canary in the corner. Downstairs was the gas station, and behind that the kitchen, where she and Bill and little Sandy ate, and where, between meals, she cooked

hamburgers and hot franks and clapped them inside rolls for waiting motorists. And where she had been doing that same thing, for four years.

Bill had propped himself up in bed now, and was leaning on an elbow. "Just where," he said, still mildly, "do you think you'd be now if you hadn't married me? Any nearer to wherever it is you want to go?"

"I wouldn't have been standing still—that's certain! I'd have been having a little fun. Don't forget I'm not one of your small town girls who've never had anything better to do than go to bed at eight-thirty!"

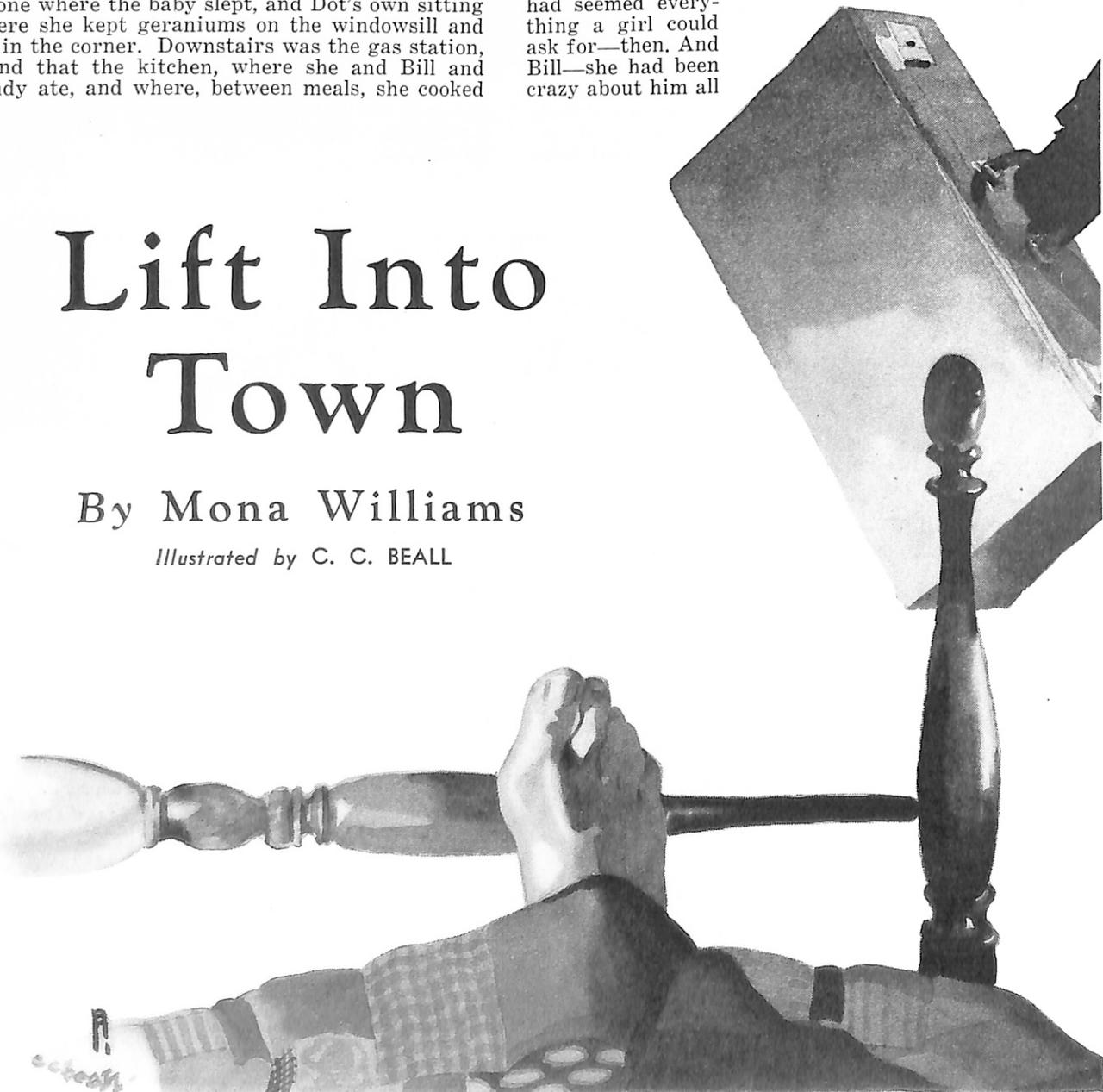
She swung around again to the mirror. In the shaded light she looked like a very young girl, with her brown hair curling behind her ears and her thin, childish shoulders above the cheap silk slip. She was a city girl, born and raised in Buffalo, a splendid, alive, sprawling city fifty miles north and a million miles remote from this little dump.

She had been an usherette in one of the big, glittering movie palaces when Bill had met her and married her and taken her away with him—to this. And—go ahead and admit it—she had wanted to go, too. It had seemed pretty swell to take off that too cute, too pert uniform, to leave her noisy, cluttered family for a home of her own. The three little rooms above the gas station to furnish and fix up the way she wanted them had seemed everything a girl could ask for—then. And Bill—she had been crazy about him all

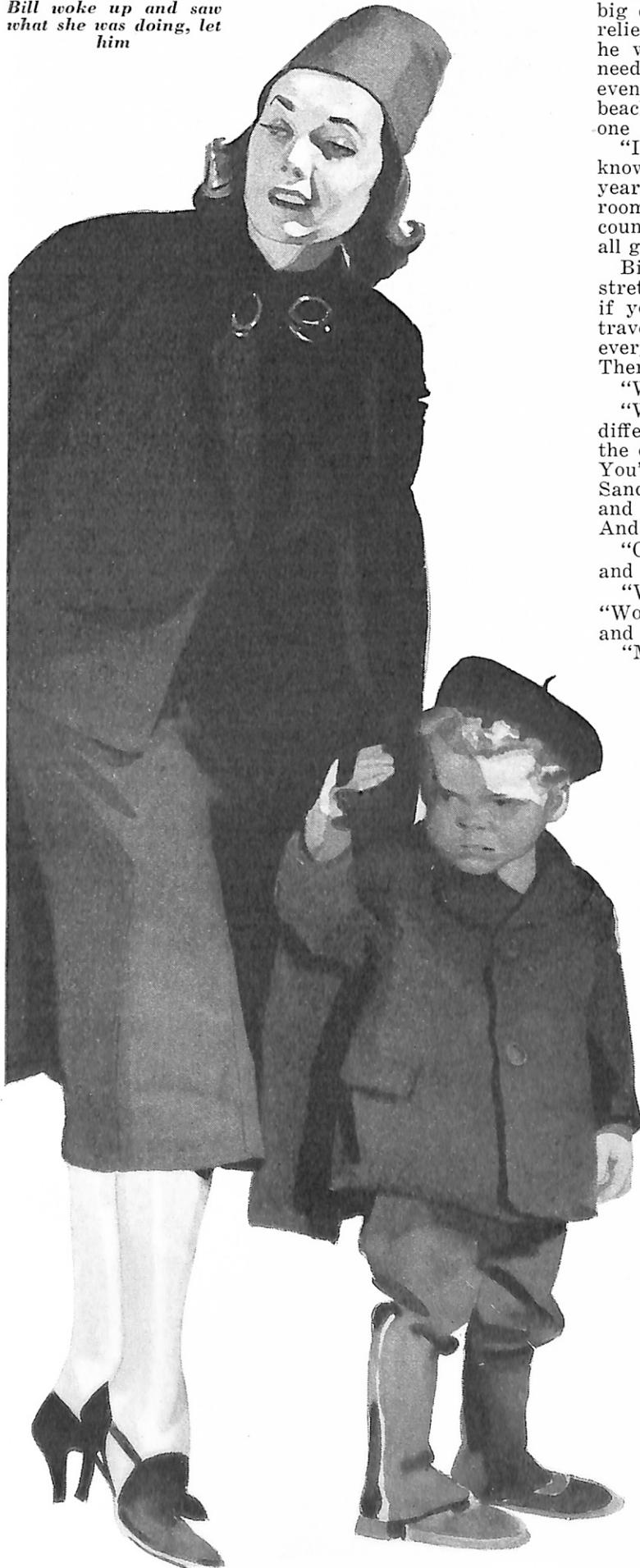
Lift Into Town

By Mona Williams

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL



She was not trying to be particularly quiet. If Bill woke up and saw what she was doing, let him



right. He wasn't handsome exactly—she had seen enough movie heroes night after night so that Bill's big clumsiness, his freckled, plain face was kind of a relief. And something else she had felt about Bill—he was like having money in the bank; if you ever needed him you knew he was there. No, she hadn't even minded giving up swimming parties at the lake beaches, or baseball games, or her off-night dances at one of the pavilions. She hadn't minded—then.

"I don't see how you can stand it," she burst out, "to know that next year, and the year after that, and the year after that, we'll be here just like this in the same room, at half-past eight, and you lying there, and me counting the cars going by and wondering where they're all going. That's something to look forward to—sure!"

Bill said, leaning back, his head resting on his outstretched arms, "Everybody's life is pretty monotonous, if you come down to it. Even when you do a lot of traveling around. Ever try sleeping in a different bed every night, the way I did when I was on the road? There's real monotony for you."

"What's monotonous about that?"

"Well—because they all seem like they're going to be different, and they're all alike. Gosh, Dot, seems to me the only way to get somewhere is to stay in one place. You've got to have roots, kind of, to grow. There's Sandy. He won't be the same three years from now, and we couldn't have had him if we'd kept on moving. And, maybe, there'll be another—"

"Certainly," Dot said scornfully. "Three years more and Sandy'll be a nice, small town hick in the making."

"What do you want to do, Dot?" Bill said gently. "Would you like to go and visit your folks for a change, and take Sandy? Would you like that?"

"Me? Not on your life. Go back there with a kid and advertise to the whole neighborhood that we're splitting up? Sure, I've seen plenty of girls who've done that." She picked up the hairbrush and began spanking into her hair. "First your family is so delighted to see you. Then after a couple of days they start asking you would you mind sleeping on the porch or up in the attic so Johnnie can have his room back again. And your old girl friends begin looking at you funny, and putting a check line on their husbands—just in case. And then all the cheap sports down the street get hopeful and decide to give you a try-out—No, sir, that's not what I want. I want for you and me to get some place together! I want you to get into something big. Because, boy, you could do it, if you only gave a damn! You've got plenty of brains, but ambition! It just makes me sick—" She dropped the brush, her head went down on the bureau top, and the rest of her words choked out between sobs. "To see you, day after day, tinkering around—you just love this old place, you don't care if we never have anything better—you want to be a failure—"

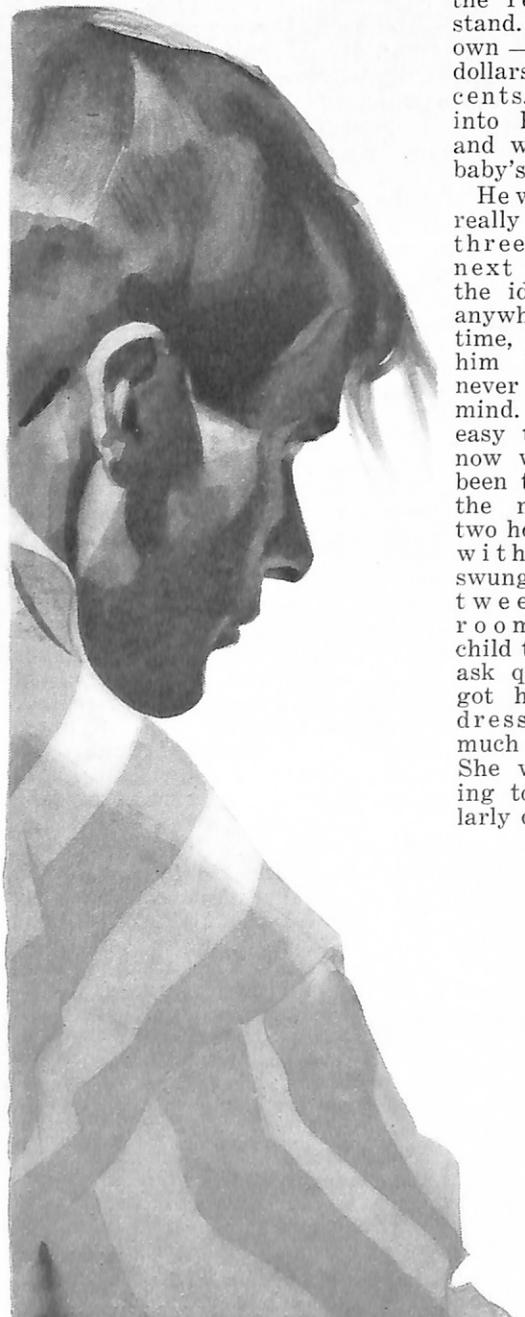
There was the word again. She stopped and pulled in her breath. Her forehead felt the cool, glass cover of her vanity box. The room was quiet. She stood up cautiously, turned around, and looked at Bill. His propped elbow had straightened out under his pillow, his head had sagged down on it, and his eyes were closed. He was breathing quietly, regularly. In a small breathless voice she said out loud, "I have never—never—never been so furious in my life!" He certainly couldn't have given her any clearer answer to how he felt about the whole thing. A lot he cared what she was feeling. He cared so much he could go to sleep while she was pouring out everything that was in her, all her hopes and dreams and unhappiness.

She clicked off the heater, went over to the window and raised it. Fresh, damp air bathed her face and bare shoulders. The station was situated at a junction where two back roads into the country met the main highway. She

could see in three directions. A stream of cars went by, yellow lights heading toward the city, full of people and plans and parties. And she had nowhere to go except to bed.

An idea—nothing but a crazy idea at first—began forming in her head. "Go and visit your folks," he had said, as though that would settle everything. Perhaps he'd be glad if she went. Get rid of her nagging for a little while. Maybe he had told himself that, just before he went to sleep. And he'd get Kathy, the girl who worked at the dairy farm and helped them over Labor Day, to come in and cook the hamburgers. Kathy, with her rich bosom, her sleepy eyes and slow, kidding voice. Maybe Bill would like that, too.

She got up. She felt so alive now with anger that the idea of going to bed seemed preposterous. She went to the closet and pulled down from the shelf her one suitcase. Propping it open on a chair, she began pulling open bureau drawers. Fifteen minutes later, she snapped the suitcase shut. From the wardrobe in the corner she had added some of Sandy's clothes to her own. She pulled on a felt hat, got her gloves and pocketbook. In the back, right-hand corner of her middle drawer was a tin cookie box. It held the week's take-in from the refreshment stand. It was her own — seventeen dollars and sixty cents. She put it into her handbag and went into the baby's room.



He wasn't a baby, really — he'd be three years old next month. But the idea of going anywhere, at any time, and leaving him behind, had never crossed her mind. It wasn't easy to wake him now when he had been tucked in for the night barely two hours ago. But with the door swung together between the two rooms, and the child too drowsy to ask questions, she got him up and dressed without much disturbance. She was not trying to be particularly quiet. If Bill

woke up and saw what she was doing, let him. But Bill didn't wake up.

Downstairs she scribbled a note while Sandy sat languidly at the kitchen table and drank a glass of milk. "Dear Bill—decided to follow your suggestion. I'm taking that 9-something into town tonight. You'll find the car at the station. Maybe this seems late to be starting out, but seeing that I'm going to the city I might as well get back my city ideas—and one is, that nine o'clock is a good time to start out for some fun. See you again sometime. Dot."

Then she picked up the suitcase and Sandy, took them out to the three-year-old car, and slid out onto the highway.

The station was closed, of course, but she found out from the hash-joint uptown, that she had forty minutes to wait for the train into Buffalo. This was a blow. Sandy was all ready to go to sleep again, he was collapsing against her in the car. If she had to wake him up a second time to get him on the train, he'd be cross and probably fuss the whole way in. The thing to do was to keep him awake until the train came in, and then let him go to sleep. She went back into the glaring restaurant and ordered coffee for herself and ice cream for the child.

The ice cream woke him up. The only other people in the room were two men and a woman who sat at a table in the rear. Sandy, having abandoned his ice cream, was making a systematic pilgrimage down the row of counter stools and spinning each one noisily. At the last stool he climbed on and tried to spin himself. When he lost his balance and fell off Dot noticed the woman at the rear table for the first time. The woman had picked Sandy up and was comforting him. He wasn't hurt much, but when Dot went back to get him the woman handed him over very reluctantly.

"He's a sweetheart," she told Dot.

"He's all right," Dot said, pleased. "But he's not used to being up at this time of night. I guess he's a little excited."

"He's certainly lively enough," the woman said warmly. Dot was looking at her now with interest. She didn't come from around these parts. Her clothes were the real thing—Dot, being a city girl, recognized that all right—her hair was arranged under the perky postage stamp hat in about five hundred small, perfect curls, and you could chin yourself on her eyelashes.

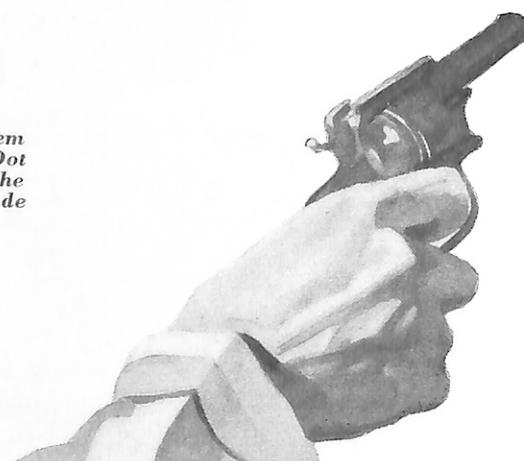
Her two companions were more nondescript—one fattish, middle-aged man and a small man with a sallow, lined face. The fattish one needed a shave, but Dot noticed a large, yellow diamond ring on his third finger. During this exchange between the two women they said nothing. The small one was chasing a piece of ham around his plate; the fat one drank coffee and smoked a cigar in silence.

Sandy sidled up to the woman again and she put an arm around him. "I suppose you'll be going bye-bye pretty soon, young man," she said playfully.

"Going to Buffalo," Sandy said.

"Yes," Dot said, "I'm afraid he's got to wait until

He had the three of them lined up in the kitchen. Dot didn't want to look at the woman, not after that ride together



we get on the train to go bye-bye. Worst of it is, we have half an hour to wait. Come on now, Sandy, finish your ice cream before it melts."

She got the boy back to the counter and looked at the clock. Sandy was playing with the ice cream and beginning to go drowsy again. Glancing back at the rear table she saw that the fattish man was talking in a low voice and once she saw him glance across at her. The woman nodded her head, a barely perceptible gesture. A moment later, the three got up, and as the two men walked over to the cash register, the woman came over to Dot.

"Look here, dearie, you say you're going to Buffalo tonight?"

"Why—yes. That is, I'm planning to."

"Well, why don't you come along with us? We're driving straight in from here, and we'll get you there before eleven o'clock. There's plenty of room, and the kid can curl right up and go to sleep, instead of waiting for the train. What's the matter with that for an idea?"

"Why—gee—it's nice of you." Dot felt a little bewildered. She knew Bill would say she was crazy, even to consider bumming a ride with strangers this time of night, with Sandy and all. But, good Lord, what could they want with her? Anybody could see with half an eye that she and Sandy weren't kidnaping material, and the woman certainly liked kids. She was buttoning Sandy into his jacket now as though it were all settled.

"You sure your friends don't mind?" Dot asked timidly.

"Not a bit. We're going right into Buffalo anyway."

"Well, thanks, then."

Bill wasn't making decisions for her now. She was on her own. She and the woman, with Sandy between them, followed the men outside. The clock over the counter said twenty minutes to ten. Just an hour since she had started to undress and get into bed beside Bill. And then that awful word—failure. And here she was in a strange car with three strange people who were going to take her away from Bill as fast as they could.

It was a marvelous car. Dot had never in her life been in a car like this before. It was long and shiny, and inside, with soft upholstery and a rug over her knees, she couldn't hear the sound of the motor. She and the woman sat in the back. Sandy, already swooning into sleep, had his head in his mother's lap, and his feet in the woman's. The smaller man drove, and the fattish one sat beside him and neither of them spoke any more than they had in the restaurant. Almost at once they began to go very fast.

Dot had rather expected that she and the woman would have some kind of a talk there in the intimacy of the back seat. She thought that the woman might be curious; try to find out the reason for her making this trip at night with a small child. One thing she wouldn't do—talk to this woman or anyone else about her quarrel with Bill—that was her own business. But to her surprise the woman didn't talk at all. Either her interest in them had faded after Sandy went to sleep or she was troubled about something. She sat in the corner and looked out into the dark and Dot could see only her profile. When she said softly, "This is a grand car, isn't it?" the woman answered, "Well, it covers the ground."

So Dot was silent, too. She wasn't used to driving so fast, and at first it made her uneasy, but their speed was so steady it was like riding on a train, and after a while it didn't seem so fast any more. She put her head against the back of the seat and thought about what she would do after they got to the city. It would be wonderful if they took her to her father's door so she could get Sandy right to bed without waking him. Visiting the family would be just the way she had told Bill, she thought bitterly. They would make a great fuss over her arrival, but after a few days she would begin to feel she had no real right to be there.

The future, after those first few days, was formless in her mind. She could (*Continued on page 42*)





WOODEN NICKELS

By J. C. Furnas

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

A RESIDENT of New York was recently walking along a staid and quiet street in the neighborhood of Gramercy Park, Manhattan. As he walked, a long, black delivery truck, lacking the label of any store or manufacturer, slid up to the curb and coasted alongside. A blue-chinned man in a chauffeur's uniform leaned out of the driver's seat and beckoned.

"Hey, buddy," he said, with a great show of wariness, "wanna buy a foist-class silver fox f'ya goil friend cheap, huh? It's hot."

"Go peddle your papers," said the New Yorker indignantly. "Do I look like a sucker?"

Still coasting, studying his antagonist malevolently, Bluechin lingered a little about shifting into second. Then, "Yeah," he snarled, "just like a sucker!", shifted

with a snap, stepped on it and whirled away in a contemptuous cloud of blue smoke from the exhaust.

This particular chump-hunter probably had no intention of uttering a profound truth. Nevertheless he had done just that. To the experienced practitioner whose livelihood depends on being able to spot and soak the gullible, most New Yorkers look like suckers for the excellent reason that most of them are suckers.

That statement will probably be a surprise to the average inhabitant of New York. Although he was very likely born way out yonder in the cornbelt himself, the average New Yorker likes to think of himself as the quintessence of an urban wise guy, cannily surviving among all the big town's rackets and come-ons because he knows the answers, see. He also likes to think that these multitudinous rackets and come-ons for which the big town is deservedly famous are aimed primarily at out-of-towners who rashly step out of their class by coming to New York with their long, red underwear packed in straw suitcases. If they will insist on coming, it is nobody's fault but their own if, when they get back to the silo-fields, they have exchanged their bank-rolls for deeds to the Woolworth Building.

Perhaps there was something in that picture back when the green-goods boys used to feed on fat out-of-towners in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. The situation has not changed for lack of out-of-towners. New York still gets any number of them every year, business men, school teachers, college kids and just plain tourists. The confirmed New Yorker significantly lumps them all under the head of "hill-billies". Many of them are strictly unsophisticated types who have never been more than fifty miles from Bucks Fork before, arrive in buses, carry box-lunches and look unmistakably

Four out of five times the man paying the big check in New York's more elegant bandit caves lives within half an hour of the place

gullible about the line of the lower jaw. But, according to Broadway and the police alike, the less sophisticated they are, the harder they are to take. They have read and heard so much about the creeping perils of the big city that they won't buy so much as a sight unseen package of gum from a subway slot-machine because it may have been doped by the gang that has been trailing them ever since they left the hotel. Even the slickest chump-skinner can do little with a man who only lays his ears back and clutches at his wallet every five seconds.

So the Manhattan chump-skinner had to go to work on resident New Yorkers to earn his stake out of town. He never left town, however, because, to his surprise and delight, he found that the locals fell quite as hard for the same or cruder gags. In the course of years a regular arsenal of games has been worked out to use on each income tax bracket, race and color in the big town. Wherever you go in New York, Sutton Place or Harlem, Hell's Kitchen or Murray Hill, there is a gag that works and a sucker that falls.

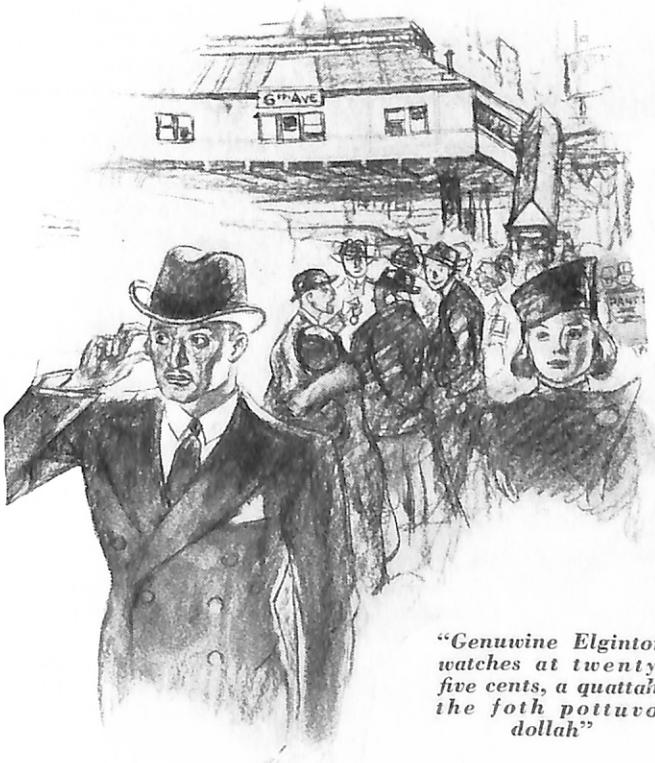
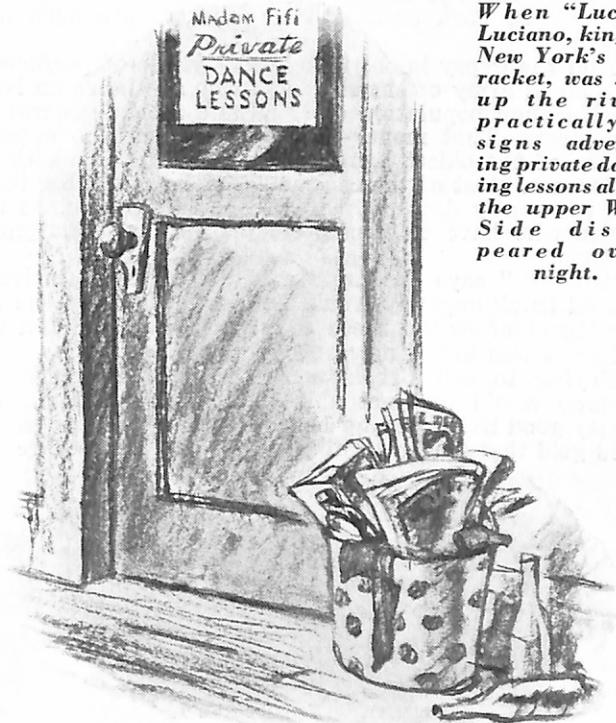
Some years ago I was living in a miserable (and cheap) little apartment on the top floor of an old brick house on Park Avenue which was at just the right cross street to own one of the most expensive-sounding addresses in New York. Every day my work was interrupted by several telephone calls like this: "Mrs. Thusandsuch (naming a well known society leader-charity worker of the moment) has asked me to call you about taking a box at a benefit she is sponsoring—the Society for the Edification of Indigent Croatians, you know. Ten dollars a ticket—the whole box is sixty dollars. We can send 'round a messenger for your check at once . . ."

All wasted on me, of course. I might never even have heard of this particular Mrs. Thusandsuch. But many an ambitious woman up and down Park Avenue had heard of her and, being bowled over by that august name, reached for her checkbook with the other hand as she put down the phone. In one version or another that racket has taken any amount of perfectly good money away from New Yorkers who are both prosperous and foolish. Renegade clergymen occasionally lend their

names, establish fly-by-night charities as fronts, often with institutional titles that sound confusingly like well known legitimate charities, and employ platoons of solicitors with cultivated accents to coo into telephones all day and collect fifty or sixty per cent of the takings in commissions. A certain retired justice of the peace made a notable clean-up recently by staging his telephone act with sound-effects. When the victim answered the telephone, he heard first a series of solemn, muffled thumps, then, "Court's adjourned!" and then the judge's voice, suddenly close and hearty, "Why, hello there, Mr. Pushover. This is Judge So-and-so. I just adjourned court to call you up. Al Smith asked me to get in touch with you. . . ."

Since there are charities and social leaders in other

When "Lucky" Luciano, king of New York's vice racket, was sent up the river, practically all signs advertising private dancing lessons along the upper West Side disappeared overnight.



"Genuwine Elginton watches at twenty-five cents, a quattah, the foth pottuvodollah"

big cities, this game works well there, too. But the New Yorker is particularly meaty for the telephone racket because he is so simple minded about it. It practically never occurs to him to call up some responsible source of information, such as the Better Business Bureau, to ask if an institution calling itself the Homeless Alleycats' Foundation is on the level. The guileless inhabitants of smaller places are far more likely to ask questions before writing checks. It sounds all wrong, but then, the New Yorker often apparently goes out of his way to establish his title to the championship of chumpery.

The pitchman has known the worst for a long time. Whether his line of goods is snake-oil, razor blades or "genuwine Elginton watches being distributed by the manufacturer for advertising purposes at twenty-five cents, a quattah, the foth pottuvodollah," it takes a first-class man to sell the carnival crowds in the county seats these days. But any third-rate beginner with a tongue in his head can make a good living with shill and keister on Union Square, New York City. Itinerant gypsies go on the same principle, flocking into New York every winter to set up phrenological parlors in empty stores as headquarters for all the various dodges, from car-trading to fortune telling, that help gypsies get along. There have been so many of them of late that the New York police have considered asking for special legislation making it a misdemeanor to rent quarters to anybody describing himself, or herself, as a gypsy.

Pitchmen, of course, are relatively harmless, seldom

getting above a quarter in their elementary demands on credulity. Gypsies, however, have a way of picking the right victims among their phrenological clients and leaving them thoroughly fleeced. Between the willingness of the poorer classes of New York to fall for absurd swindles and the comforts of steam-heated quarters in winter, you can see why the gypsy clans would much rather winter on Manhattan Island than by southern roadsides. Once the customer has put a dollar bill in a cigar box, knocked on it three times and opened it to find two dollar bills, she is naturally going to put all her savings in the magic box and, as instructed, take it home and sleep on it. When, the next morning, the box is found to be full of waste paper and the customer brings round a policeman to investigate, the gypsy has vanished. If the killing was small she has moved to another store only a few blocks away. If it was up in the hundreds, she has left town for a few weeks. But she will be back because New Yorkers are such fine pickings.

And the gypsy is only the lowest grade of performer in a small army of smart people who specialize on New York's huge population of first- and second-generation foreigners. That money-doubling game of the gypsies is one of the oldest known to man, but that makes no difference. Most of the con man's tricks in the big town are reverently decrepit, which considerably annoys the police who have to handle complaints from indignant victims.

"Honest," says the captain of detectives plaintively, "you'd think anybody would be ashamed to try the old handkerchief-switch these days. But they still fall for it like it was brand new and brilliant."

Trying to sell Brooklyn Bridge in the traditional fashion would just get a laugh, but you can make a pretty good living selling boxes of brass discs as smuggled gold that has to be disposed of at a loss before the

Government finds out about it. Or working the Russian diamond game, which involves persuading a woman that, by paying over all her savings, drawn out of the bank for the purpose, she can swindle a newly landed Russian sailor out of diamonds worth three or four times her payment. Or playing the infinite variations of the how-do-I-know-you're-honest switch, which is based on making the victim get his money out of the bank as evidence of good faith, then putting it in an envelope along with the money belonging to the gang—and finding, twenty-four hours later, that the sealed envelope they gave him is full of waste paper. He was so eager to prove his good faith because one member of the gang has been posing as a newly landed innocent, willing to pay fifty or a hundred dollars for some absurdly small favor. All old as they come, and all eminently successful day in and day out.

"They all got larceny in their hearts," says the captain. "That's how they get taken. They think they're putting one over on some other guy—and bingo! they're hooked." The New Yorker, being a cynic by training, convinced that everybody has a racket and you might as well get yours, is incapable of resisting opportunities to get in on something good, whether illegal or not. That goes for both sexes. The hot-fur boys in the black wagons tackle—and sell—five women for one man. Your apparently perfect lady, whether her name is Moskowitz or Robinson, confronted with a chance to buy something cheap because it's hot, I ain't bullin' ya, seldom worries about the ethics of receiving stolen goods. It is unfortunate that her eagerness to compound a fictitious felony to her own advantage makes her pay twenty-five dollars for a piece of dyed dog. It is even more unfortunate that, when she protests to the police, she gets indignant because the only charge they can make stick on the vendor is peddling without a license.

The New York woman is dismaying often the star



Gypsies have a way of picking the right victims among their phrenological clients and leaving them thoroughly fleeced

New Yorkers, feeling high, and college boys from the big Eastern universities



performer in the more primitive dramas of biters getting bitten. There is, for instance, a certain trio of smart, New York-born girls who run their own hair-dressing business in a hard-boiled quarter of Manhattan and are awesomely capable of handling the landlord, the cop on the beat, the chiselling customer, the fresh boy friend and the strange young man in the snappy car. Yet all three have fallen time and again for every gag any smooth worker ever tried on them. They are suckers for pitchmen wherever found. They have all bought "hot furs" and "smuggled perfume" and "hot watches", subscribed to fake charities and given money to perfect strangers who will just step into this building and arrange for them to buy at a secret sale of \$10.00 dresses at \$2.00 each.

Their last experience with the subtleties of this world is a fine example of intelligent build-up. One morning a brisk young man entered this shop and announced that he was the building exterminator looking after their cockroaches. In pursuit of his duty he lighted a sulphur candle which, of course, drove both customers and staff into the street, followed presently by the young man. He kept right on going, saying that he was off to fetch a forgotten gas-mask. When he failed to show up in logical time, the young women got back into their shop, aired it out, and found that, in the few seconds he had lingered behind, the young man had emptied the till and all the purses in the establishment—the customers' included.

The peculiar beauty of that one lies in its shrewd exploitation of the fact that New York is the only large city in the country so vermin-ridden that the appearance of an exterminator is neither a scandal nor a surprise. There is the same sense of geographical strategy about a game that was tried on a literary friend of mine a couple of years ago—a highly imaginative version of phony smuggling. It was a telephone call from an unquestionably English, not to say Cockney, voice which alleged that it belonged to the chief purser of the *Aquitania*.

"Mr. George Jean Nathan suggested that I ring you up," it said. "I saw Mr. Nathan at the Algonquin this morning and he thought you might be interested in some suitings I've just brought ashore. You know, these things can occasionally be managed without paying duty . . . Mr. Nathan took three lengths at twenty-five dollars a piece. . . ." When the prospective victim answered sharply that, although they were both in the same business, he had never met Mr. Nathan in his life, the voice hung up.

But it undoubtedly went on to try somewhere else. On paper this dodge seems hopelessly thin, as if nobody could ever conceivably fall for it. Yet this fast-talking Cockney was certainly not wasting time on a come-on which didn't work well and often. (He may have been a survivor of the early prohibition days when they used to call up and offer newly landed "Irish goods" and "Scotch goods" at stiff, but logical prices. You paid for a heavy and properly shaped package and opened it to find that it contained, as per invoice, small swatches of Irish or Scotch woolens, packed along with some of the non-rattling ballast.) No doubt this self-styled chief purser works several other fields with appropriate references, palming off five-dollar suitings on young lawyers with babblings about prominent members of the bar, and telephoning youngsters in Wall Street to mention that Mr. Lamont or Mr. Whitney suggested the call. Still, there are lawyers and bankers everywhere, whereas New York is the only spot in the country where there are enough permanently established writers to make it worth while to go through the phone book for names appearing in magazines.

The further you get into it, the worse the New Yorker sounds as built up by the chump-skinner's technique. He is a snob, falling like London Bridge for anything with a big name in his own line of endeavor attached. He is over-willing to take any opportunity to get an illicit share out of a crooked deal. And, according to the tight-mouthed authorities up and down Broadway, he lays himself open for too (*Continued on page 40*)

Your Husband is in Town

By Joseph Bernard Rethy

Illustrated by
MARIO COOPER

HERE is a certain block in New York City, not far from St. Patrick's Cathedral, on which eighteen French restaurants exist. This was once a swell neighborhood of great brownstone and marble mansions. Now it is the table d'hôte paradise of America. Five-course luncheons for fifty cents. Eight-course dinners for seventy-five.

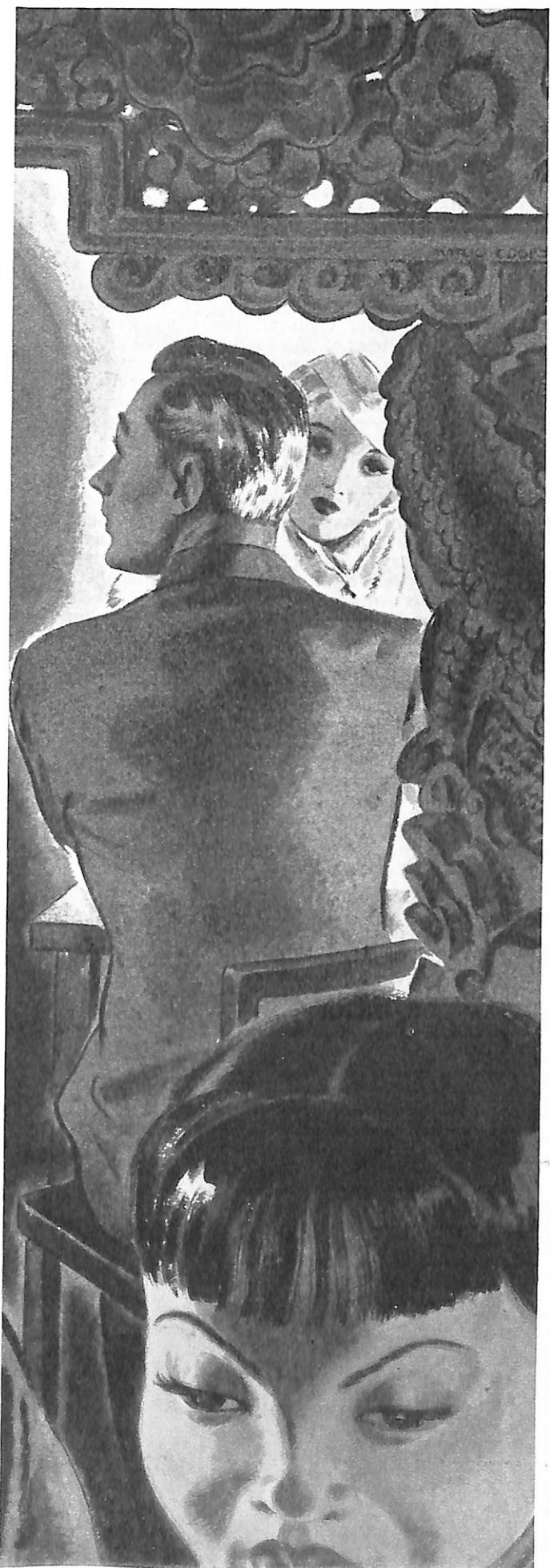
The meals are pretty good. I ought to know. I've tried all of them. Only a sentimental sucker sticks to one restaurant. The clever and the experienced try one after another and then begin all over again. On Monday evenings I used to meet the same people at Panne's who on Sunday evening dined at Netoye's. The next night we would dine at Piroud's. It got so we would be afraid to enter a restaurant for fear of meeting one another. Sometimes I would repeat; only to find that the same impulse had moved my fellow diners. For three weeks I dined every night at Chez Luis. Why?

Chez Luis gives you a good onion soup, pretty good chicken en casserole, vin blanc, big portions of good second-rate Roquefort cheese, strong black coffee and all the salad and fruit you desire. So do all the other places on the street. But the other places don't give you entertainment and if they did the entertainer would not be Lee Mark. For the last two years Luis has employed a clever East Side pianist by the name of Joe Fink. Promptly at eight o'clock Joe drags his little instrument to the center of the room, sits down and gives us the works. Mostly snappy dances. Once in a while a couple will step on the tiny dance floor and pretend that they are not self-conscious. Three months ago Luis created a mild sensation by an added feature. He gave us Lee Mark.

On that never-to-be-forgotten night, at eight-thirty, Joe Fink played the introductory bars of a song popular two seasons ago. We had just been served our cheese and coffee. You remember important things by just such little incidents. The introduction finished, there was heard a beautiful husky baritone singing "Please Remain". The noisy room became still. We looked at one another in amazement. We heard the voice but couldn't see the singer. We couldn't see him because he sat at a table behind the screen that stands before Luis' office. Hearty applause greeted the ending of the



*Once I heard a girl singing in a Chinese dump
and wrote a letter to a broadcasting station,
recommending her. She is still singing in the
chop suey joint*



lovely lyric. Yet no one stepped forward to take his bow. Instead we were given another song. Luis made a little speech at the conclusion of this number.

"My friends, the artist who has given us so much pleasure, for reasons too profound to mention here, can never meet you face to face. You can hear him, but you can never see him. Through me he thanks you for your gracious approval and hopes you will come often to hear him sing. Every night at eight-thirty M. Lee Mark—for that is his name—will render a number of popular songs. He will be pleased to sing an encore of your own choice. I thank you."

The unanimous choice was a repetition of "Please Remain". So once more, Joe Fink began the introduction. I laid down the bit of cheese I was about to smear on a piece of apple, and listened. . . . I saw the moon rising over the Ganges and lilies covered the face of the waters. A slim, pale young man stood before a girl whose fabulous beauty held me spellbound. His eyes were burning. It was obvious that he was worried about her. He was a wise guy and knew too much about life or about the girl.

After the song—no—after the cheese and coffee, I went behind the screen. Luis and I were pretty good friends, in a customer-proprietor fashion.

"Who's Lee Mark?" I queried with the bluntness for which I am famous.

"That's him," Luis replied, pointing to a chap who was seated at a small table.

"Introduce me!"

He did.

I sat down at the table, feeling like a great patron who drops in behind the scenes at the opera. Lee Mark was about forty-five, with large, brown eyes, iron-gray hair, very clean, white hands. He was almost plump. On his dark face there was a kindly, defeated look. He was just sitting there. No sheet music. Apparently he sang without notes.

"I like your voice," I said.

"Thank you," he replied with a grave smile.

"How come you don't sing on the floor? You're not a bad looking fellow."

"I don't like to sing so close to the customers," he explained. "A man's face isn't very attractive—at least, mine isn't—when distorted by the effort to sing. This way they don't see me. It's more romantic. At least, I hope so."

I assured him it was.

"If you're on the stage—far away from the audience—with the proper lights, that's a different matter," he continued, "but in a restaurant, right into a plate of soup! I'm not a beauty myself, but I can't sing looking into a hundred greasy, chewing faces."

"You have the soul of an artist," I said warmly.

Luis cleared his throat warily. He was paying Mark twenty-five dollars a week. If all his patrons waxed as enthusiastic as I did, the fellow might get a swelled head and demand thirty-five. Ten dollars represented twelve dinners. These Frenchmen know the value of mazuma.

"You needn't worry," I whispered to Luis, "I won't overdo it."

Believe it or not, Luis gave me a free cigar.

The next night I was there again and so were the other cheap gourmets. We looked at one another with loathing. Fortunately, I sat alone. Most of the others weren't so lucky. They were accompanied by wives or sweethearts or both . . . even by friends. But when Lee began to sing we forgot the petty annoyances of life and the smoky basement room took on a certain splendor. Lee Mark had a way of singing those sentimentally sophisticated songs of today, with the tricky lyrics and the awfully clever musical hokum. He had a way and his way was our way. So the customers came and they brought other customers and Luis was happy.

"Just a minute," Sallie almost screamed. "Let me take care of this. I know how to handle these cheap chiselers."



I got into the habit of going behind the screen after dinner and talking with Lee Mark. Because all my life I have felt that a great actor was lost when I became an advertising man, I have cherished a very tender spot in my heart for hidden talent. Once I heard a girl singing in a Chinese dump and wrote a letter to a broadcasting station, recommending her. She is still singing in the chop suey joint. Once a commercial artist showed me a landscape. I sent it to the Modern Museum. He is still a sign painter. But you can't discourage a real weakling. We never give up.

So here I was, fascinated by Lee Mark, intensely interested in the man and his art, instead of minding my own business, which isn't so hot these days. Lee liked me. I could see that. He couldn't help being impressed by a guy who thought and said so to his face that he was greater than all the Bing Crosbys and Tibbets rolled into one. As I said, he liked me. But his liking was purely an abstract one. He never confided in me. After I had pumped him persistently for two weeks, he knew all about me, every member of my family, my most dreaded secrets and the real reason why my girl gave me the gate. But I knew as little about him as Luis did, and Luis knew nothing..

FROM time to time I prepare those tremendously clever folders for which the Caliente Restaurant is renowned. Every yokel knows that the Caliente is Broadway's biggest and most successful hot spot. Sim November, the owner, and I were like that. Only he was the one on top. It wasn't long before I began touting Lee Mark to him.

"So what!" November observed, after one of my passionate apostrophes. "Don't you know that we only use big names? Sophie Tucker, Rudy Vallee, Sally Rand and people like that. Right now we've got Sallie Stuart—a world beater, and you come along with a mutt I never heard of. You're as crazy," he volunteered, "as one of your stupid circulars."

"Maybe I am," I shot back at him, "maybe, but mark my words: the day will come when my boy's name will be spelled out in large electric letters across the portals of your own dump."

"Over my dead body," November murmured loudly.

"Lee Mark," I retaliated, "will be a name to conjure with."

He jumped up. "Lee Mark!" he repeated excitedly.

"Yes, sir."

"When did he blow into town?"

"I never knew he was out of town."

"Of course you don't. You never know anything. You don't even know who Lee Mark is."

"I know he's got the swellest voice. . . ."

"The hell with that," he interrupted. "Mark—Lee Mark, and it must be the original Lee Mark from the way you described him—is Sallie Stuart's husband."

I couldn't believe it. That mild-mannered chap married to a glamorous creature like Sallie Stuart. It seemed incredible. It was a dirty lie.

"That's impossible," I expostulated. "Only yesterday the *News* printed an interview with her in which she emphatically stated that she had never married and had no intention of marrying."

"Newspaper boloney!" November explained. "She married him twelve years ago. He was a vaudeville actor and she was just a kid. But she had the stuff, a real, big personality and the ambitions of a presidential candidate, and a presidential candidate's nerve. He was crazy about her. He couldn't see straight, thinking about her. On the stage he effaced himself completely. And when a vaudeville actor does that—it's love! They did a husband and wife act. Some patter and a few songs. When they applauded he refused to take his bow. Pretty soon everybody was clamoring for her and to hell with him. They were ready to pay him a good salary to stay off the stage. For two years she stuck to him. Then she dropped him like a piece of ice. He left New York, swearing never to return again, and before you can count ten he was forgotten. But not she. From the day they parted she

kept climbing higher and higher. Now the whole country is Sallie Stuart conscious."

"She's a skunk, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you. And how many skunks do you know who own a town house, a country estate, big chunks of U. S. bonds and a juicy insurance annuity?" He stopped suddenly. "I hope she doesn't find out."

"Why?"

"These dames are funny. She gets three grand a week."

"He gets twenty-five bucks."

"That's all he's worth."

"Mr. November, did you ever hear him sing?"

"No, and I don't intend to."

There was finality in my voice as I stood up. "His name will be written in electric lights across your main entrance."

"Get the hell out of here," he shouted, "before I cancel the order for your dopey folders."

With that dignity inherent in advertising men, I hastily started to leave. As I reached the door, Sallie Stuart entered. She looked like seven hundred thousand dollars . . . nice, new, crisp bills, seven hundred thousand smackers, the kind you don't get in your payroll every Saturday. I saw my chance and grabbed it.

"Miss Stuart," I remarked casually, "your husband is in town."

Broadway's sweetheart glared at me as though she had seen a ghost.

"My husband! I never had a husband! I never intend having a husband; and if I had a husband he would have an awful gall to show up now . . . after ten years. Why, the very idea burns me up. Mr. November, I've been insulted."

Sim grabbed my arm. "Get out! As I told you before!"

"Just a minute," Sallie almost screamed. "Let me take care of this. I know how to handle these cheap chiselers. Let me talk to him alone." November glared at me and went out, slamming the door. We were alone.

"I like gags," she confided, "but not at my expense. Sit down!"

I have a strange habit of obeying my superiors, so

I sat down. With shrewd, practiced eyes she gave me the once-over. I could tell that she was deeply unimpressed by what she saw.

"What's the racket?" she demanded.

"Miss Stuart," I began, clearing my throat.

"Make it short and snappy!"

"I'll do my best, Miss Stuart. I'm in the picture purely by accident. I met your husband . . ."

"I haven't got a husband," she corrected sharply.

"I met your husband," I continued calmly, "in the following way."

And I told her how, sparing no detail, and even adding a few original touches of my own. I described his appearance, and when I was through with that part he looked more like a statue by Phidias than the lad who posed for the Greek. I pictured his act, dwelt upon his artistry, his power to cast a spell on his audience, and the singular self-effacing charm of the man. She listened intently. At the conclusion of my narrative, deftly dramatized and embellished with subtle irrelevancies, she grasped my hand.

"Thanks, pal," she said. "I feel better now. I really believe he doesn't know a thing about your coming here. You look, if you will pardon my candor, like one of those saps, those honest, pure simps, one reads about in books. I'm sorry if I shouted at you. I didn't mean to. Broadway is full of hi-jackers, and for a moment I thought you were going to pull a fast one."

"I'm not the god in the machine," I reminded her. "I'm not the point of issue. Lee Mark is. What about him?"

Her voice softened. "Lee Mark is my husband. I admit it—to you—here in the privacy of this office. But I'll promptly deny it elsewhere. We were married twelve years ago. After two years of marriage—an annulment. The name of Stuart I adopted later, after my grandfather, Zeke Bending. You couldn't prove such a marriage ever took place. The names were—at least, mine was—all wrong."

"Why was the marriage annulled?"

"Lee was a good scout, but he was licked before he was born. He didn't need the depression to beat him. He held me back for two years. (Continued on page 45)





Left: Paul Lukas, Dennis King and Ruth Gordon in a scene from the Ibsen play, "A Doll's House". A slow-moving and out-dated story of a woman's rebellion in a man-made world is given life and excitement by the fine acting of the cast and particularly the glowing interpretation of Norah as played by Miss Gordon.



Left is William Powell, looking very much like William Powell, in a shot from Twentieth Century-Fox's sophisticated comedy, "The Baroness and the Butler". As you will no doubt surmise, Mr. Powell is a slick and gracious butler (again) whom the Baroness (Annabella) learns to love madly and to distraction.



Above are Evelyn Laye and Jack Buchanan who have come from England to enliven with their charms and talents one of New York's most popular musical comedies, "Between the Devil". "Between the Devil" is a cheery and bright show, guaranteed to please.



Below, in a scene from M-G-M's "Mannequin," is Joan Crawford, photographed with Alan Curtis. Mr. Curtis, we are informed by our spies, is a new sensation in Hollywood, and is expected to knock the props out from under a lot of established stars. He is handsomer than the law should allow, a fact which will go big with the ladies, and acts with a sure touch. He plays tough parts as well as Mr. Gable used to do in his early days. In "Mannequin" Miss Crawford is married to Mr. Curtis (who plays a rat), but Spencer Tracy wins her away from him after practically insurmountable difficulties.

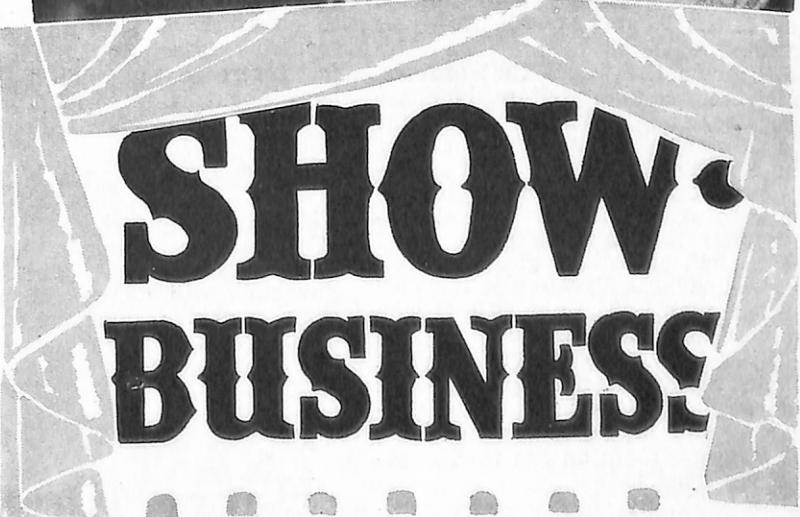


Left: A scene of disaster and despair from "In Old Chicago," a film which is destined to be one of the new year's finest pictures. Featuring Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Alice Brady and Don Ameche, "In Old Chicago" deals with the political situation in Chicago in the last century and culminates in the great fire which nearly wiped out the city. The performances of the cast, while uniformly good, are dwarfed by the overpowering spectacle of the tragic fire, which is in reality the star of "In Old Chicago." Once again Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the film's producer, has shot the works and presented to the nation's movie addicts their money's worth.



Above: Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant indulge in one of those mad comedies which are the current Hollywood fashion. The film is called "Bringing Up Baby" and allows Miss Hepburn to display her gifts as a comedienne who bedazzles a bewildered scientist, Mr. Grant.

Below: Michael Bartlett and Kitty Carlisle are the singing stars of "Three Waltzes", an operetta of the Viennese school, which is delighting visitors to New York. Full of Strauss music, beguiling costumes and top-ranking performers, "Three Waltzes" is a safe bet for any theatre-goer.



Harper & Brothers started their 1938 publishing season with a new book by Robert Benchley, right, "After 1903—What?" published on January 5.



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

READ the daily papers and you find yourself living in a world of perils, accidents, crimes; in which human beings are gunmen, racketeers, communists, economic royalists, big shots, labor leaders, and so on. Half the words are panicky words, distributing images of fear, and yet the average man goes about his business without getting jittery. How is that? Well, words are—just words.

Set down the words that orators, politicians, column writers, business men, use, and put beside them what you think they mean. Stuart Chase, who has been giving a lot of attention to words, says most of us are slaves to words that inaccurately express our meaning. He has made the subject clear in a most exciting book called "The Tyranny of Words." He sees man as the one animal who can think about the world about him and yet constantly delude himself with words that do not express things accurately. "No other animal produces verbal monsters in his head and projects them on the world outside his head."

Just what do you mean by capitalism, self-help, thrift, bureaucracy,

absentee ownership, fascism, and all the other words that start people talking, apparently without thinking? Mr. Chase thinks political and economic theorists simplify too much; they find a set of terms handy and thereupon jump off into an argument, whereas every situation differs and history does not repeat exactly the same conditions. To learn to be exact we have to employ the "semantic discipline". If the subject interests you, you'll find a whole book about it in "The Tyranny of Words". (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

SINCLAIR LEWIS HAS A NEW NOVEL

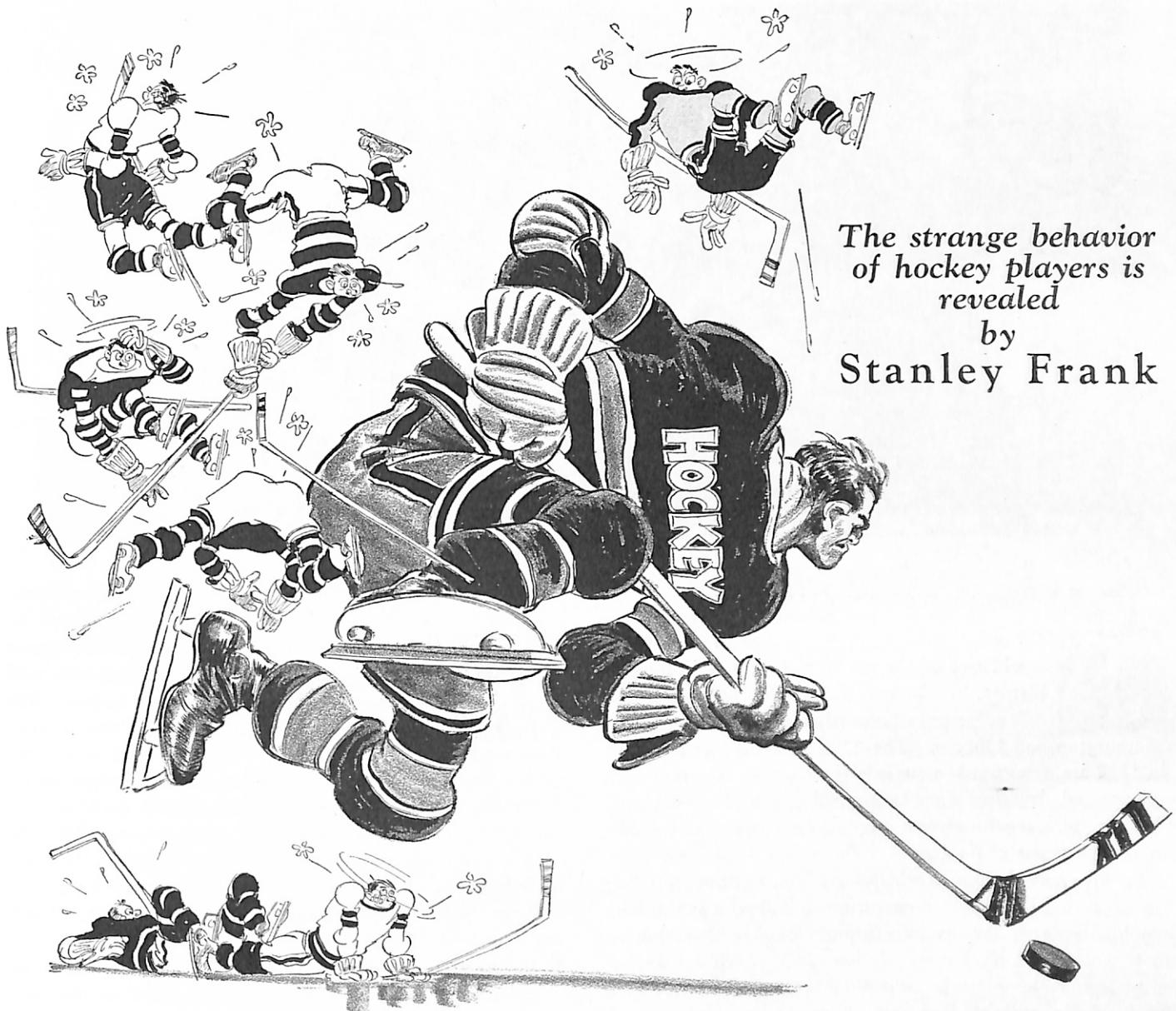
JUST how the fathers and mothers of the land are going to like Sinclair Lewis' new novel, "The Prodigal Parents", will depend on how real they consider Frederick William Cornplow, the "Dad" of the story,

By
Harry Hansen

and his wife. Young readers, I am afraid, will feel that Mr. Lewis is not too well acquainted with people in their twenties, for Sarah, Cornplow's daughter, is a self-centered female who merely thinks she is a thorough-going radical, and Howard is one of those college lads who is more of a liability than an asset to anyone. Both Sarah and Howard have rather muddled ideas about life, work, politics and the social order; Howard's chief interest is in fast driving and drinking, although he does manage to cling to a fine girl named Annabel whose father is something of an irreconcilable conservative. Frederick William Cornplow is head of an automobile agency; he is well fixed and has been giving his youngsters plenty of rope; in fact he has given them no responsibilities whatever, and when they find themselves unable to carry on he even becomes the fall guy for their radical sheet. When he does make them responsible, in an awkward escape to Europe, they cave in, and both Sarah and Howard show that their radical economics rested on nothing more than youthful misunderstanding and maladjustment and that Dad is indispensable in their lives. Cornplow's bluster may interest readers; he belongs in the Lewis gallery, but the youngsters are hardly representative, and to imagine that this is all there is to the difficult adjustment of youth is a grave mistake. The novel is described as "the revolt of the parents against the revolt of youth", but it seems to me to deal chiefly with Cornplow's personal confusion, and that the way he takes of teaching responsibility and bringing his youngsters into line is too easy to be effective long. This is one of Sinclair Lewis' minor novels. I'd like to have seen him dig deeper into the problems of modern youth and its parents. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

THE English are always good story-tellers. Gilbert Frankau is a practiced novelist whose ambition is to entertain, and in "The Dangerous Years", he makes a good job of it, in the traditional manner. This story deals with the love life of Lady Carteret. Her first loyalty is to Sir John Carteret, her husband, but he dies in the Titanic, and she is free to pledge herself to Rupert Whittingham, her erratic childhood lover. But Rupert dies in the great War before they can marry and now Lady Carteret's emotions center on her children. Maurice, her undisciplined son, is obviously also the son of Rupert; he plays havoc with their lives and with his own, ending with his part in the defense of the Alcazar of Toledo and thus bringing the book down to today. It holds the interest solely with action. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Third Hour" by Geoffrey Household is a bit mixed. There is plenty of action, with Manuel Vargas, an En- (Continued on page 52)



The strange behavior
of hockey players is
revealed
by
Stanley Frank

... it must be Love!

MR. IVAN "CHING" Johnson is a large citizen on the fattish, forty-ish side and, obviously, a little touched in his bald head. Despite his years and bulk, which sit upon him heavily, Mr. Johnson likes nothing better than to trick himself out in short pants, put on a pair of ice-skates and slam—or get slammed by, as the case may be—imposing lumps of meat, bone and hair that are rushing upon him at the terrifying speed of 186 miles an hour, at a conservative estimate.

The strange behaviour of Mr. Johnson would seem to qualify him as a first-class subject for a psychopathist, for nobody forces him, kicking and screaming, to absorb such frightful punishment. He does it of his own free will and volition; goes out of his way, in fact, to seek same. Nor does he have to do it to keep body and soul together. Our whimsical hero owns a prosperous fruit farm in Redwood City, Calif., a charming wife and two fine children. But Mr. Johnson digs out his short pants and skates each autumn, carefully binds up a hundred wounds which are the marks of his chosen profession and prepares to expose himself to great bodily harm for the next five months. And

for what? For about \$3,700 this year, which he does not need desperately, anyway. The man must be crazy.

Sure, he's crazy—about playing hockey, and that should explain everything. If it doesn't, you should be told that of all the men who play games for gold or glory, the hockey gladiators bring the greatest enthusiasm, exuberance and zeal to their sport. If your correspondent were not afraid of being called a slobbering sentimentalist, he might even suggest that the sheer love of hockey makes the world go 'round for these men who suffer more serious injuries for more meager rewards than any other group of athletes, professional or amateur.

The case of Johnson is neither extreme nor unusual among hockey players. His fruit farm assures him of an adequate income, at least. Virtually every square inch of his body has been hemstitched by a surgeon's needle, eloquent testimony of the hazards of hockey. Several years ago he sustained a double fracture of the jaw. Taking liquid nourishment was torture for several weeks—but he played with a special brace and protector. Among other things, he had his nose practically ripped off his face (*Continued on page 49*)



WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

HIS month of February gave to us and to the world two of the greatest characters in modern history.

You at once know that reference is made to Washington and Lincoln. The 22nd in 1732 and the 12th in 1808 are dates fixed in our minds which we celebrate with respect and devotion, only to a small degree, however, evidencing our recognition and appreciation of what we owe to these peerless characters.

Looking to the volumes which have been written regarding them, it would indeed be a venturesome soul who at this date would attempt to say anything in praise of either Washington or Lincoln which has not already been said. Each faced what must have appeared to be insurmountable obstacles yet each resolutely forged ahead accomplishing the seemingly impossible, and left to us, in fact to the whole world, an amazing record of achievement. It is not our purpose to attempt a tribute to either of them but merely to note the approach of the days of their birth and cause the reader to join us in contemplation of what our National history might have been had Providence not brought them on the field of action to meet the two cataclysmic emergencies in our history.

Some equally great character might have appeared to accomplish what Washington accomplished in Revolutionary times, and an equally towering figure might have appeared to guide us as did Lincoln during the days of the conflict between the States. Possible? Certainly. Probable? Hardly.

EDITORIAL

THE RAPE OF CHINA



HEN this is written the rape of China by Japan continues, and from present indications will continue for many months to come. The Tokio Government seems to care not a whit that world sentiment is almost unanimous and most pronounced against its wanton destruction of life and property. All those who believe that a Supreme Being watches over the destiny of nations as well as that of men, and that wrongs eventually will be righted, await anxiously the date of fulfillment of the assurance in Holy Writ, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." How soon, Oh Lord, and through what instrumentality?

Thousands upon thousands of defenseless men and innocent women and children are being sacrificed on the altar of Japan's inordinate ambition for territorial expansion and military aggrandizement. A civilization old when Christ was born is being destroyed, and a country peopled by those devoted to peace and quiet industry is being laid waste. Beautiful cities are being destroyed, leaving only ruins and ashes to mark where they once stood.

If vengeance in truth be Thine, Oh Lord, how soon and through what instrumentality will it be brought about?

OUR NEXT REUNION



Equote with approval the following from an official circular issued many years ago by a Grand Exalted Ruler:

"As casual acquaintance ripens year by year into warm personal friendship, our annual reunions grow in interest to the individual member and ever become more important as crystallizing the sentiment of the Order and shaping its ultimate destiny."

The truth of this statement has been exemplified with the passing years which have seen a gratifying increase in the attendance at these annual meetings. Echoes of the 1937 reunion are still vibrant in our ears when we find another not far in the offing. There is perhaps no city throughout the



length and breadth of the land which offers greater allurement to the pleasure-seeker than does Atlantic City where we will congregate in July. The reunion feature of our annual meetings is given over to hand-shaking and good fellowship as distinguished from the sessions of the Grand Lodge which are devoted to the business affairs of the Order. Each is of great importance.

The time has already arrived when Lodges should be laying plans and organizing clubs to attend the Atlantic City meeting. Many have already undertaken their arrangements and others should speedily follow to the end that the Atlantic City meeting may be the best, the largest, the most enjoyable and the most profitable in our entire history.

The far-famed Boardwalk, the wheel chairs, the cool ocean breezes, to say nothing of the various amusements, all within easy access, have a charm all their own. They cannot be duplicated nor are they well imitated any place in the country. Here you will renew old and form new acquaintances from every section of the country, many of which will ripen into real friendships to be treasured during the coming years. It will all serve further to demonstrate that our Order in fact binds us more firmly together in a great brotherhood.

A HABIT WORTH FORMING

HT HAS been said, and in truth, that we are all creatures of habit. Some of our habits have been deliberately acquired and others, like Topsy, have just "growed up". Habit is defined as implying a settled disposition or tendency on the part of an individual to do a certain thing. More exactly, however, it relates to the fact of repetition rather than merely the tendency to do the same thing over and over again.

As an Elk you unquestionably have a tendency to attend Lodge meetings. What we wish to suggest is that you yield to this tendency or impulse until it becomes a habit. Only by forming this habit will you get the most out of our Order. You will benefit by every session you attend. What is perhaps even more to be desired, your presence will be

helpful to others. You will thus keep advised as to what your Lodge is doing in the community and be in better position to assist the officers and your fellow members in carrying forward those activities for the promotion of which the Order was founded and which have caused it to develop into a great brotherhood among men.

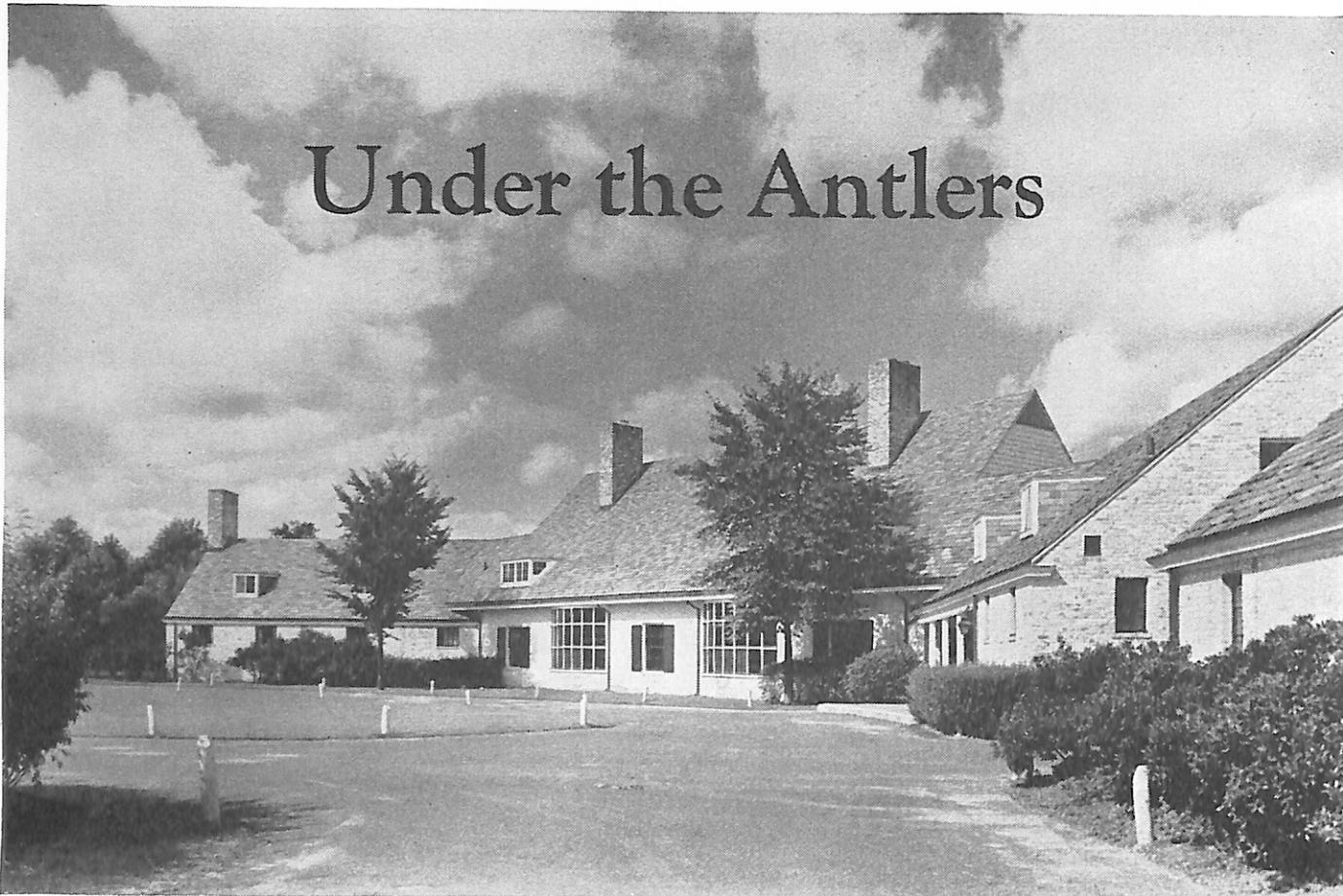
On your mind's calendar mark each Lodge night for special attention. Do not permit yourself to make any arrangements for that night which will conflict with your attendance. Each session you attend will richly compensate you for the slight effort, and the first thing you know no effort will be involved—you will have formed the habit. There is plenty of work awaiting the regular Lodge attendant and the resultant remuneration is abundant and satisfying.

CANNON NOT DECORATIVE

NATURALLY there is a great difference of opinion as to what is appropriate and artistic in decorating public grounds and buildings. It strikes us that the fellow who conceived the idea that cannon and cannon balls add to the beauty of parks, public squares, grounds about public buildings and approaches to them, had a distorted decorative complex.

To those who agree with us the announcement that the Government's supply of old cannon is running short will not bring any real pang of regret. The Civil War type is said to be exhausted, as is also the type captured from Germany. The more the pity that a few other types are still available and can be obtained on proper application. We would prefer that they remain where they are until converted into something more useful or ornamental.

To place the different types in a museum where they may be viewed by those who enjoy looking them over might be excusable, but to plant them to public view where they stand as silent reminders of the carnage they have wrought in bloodshed and destruction of property does not conform to our idea of artistic embellishment of otherwise inviting, beautiful and peaceful surroundings.



Murray M. Peters

Above: The spacious and handsome new Home of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge which is attracting the interest of Elks from all over the country.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Authorizes Committee to Buy "Iron Lung"

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, at the time this item was written, had authorized its Crippled Children's Committee to purchase a \$2,400 model "Iron Lung" for the use of Elizabeth hospitals. The central part of the city was selected for its location where it would be available at all times for emergency cases. The announcement was made that a second respirator would be purchased later. P.E.R. Thomas E. Collins, City Engineer, is Chairman of the committee.

This generous and humane act is being carried out as an expression of appreciation of the cooperation given Elizabeth Lodge in its work for afflicted children by the Alexian Brothers, St. Elizabeth and Elizabeth General Hospitals over a long period of years.

Elks from Three Oregon Lodges Visit Corvallis, Ore., Lodge

About 200 Elks from Eugene, Albany and Salem, Ore., Lodges paid a visit recently to Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413. The Lodge session was an unusually interesting one, and a fine program of entertainment and a big "feed" were provided by the Corvallis Elks for their visiting brothers.

D.D. Harry B. Ruth, of Eugene, visited Corvallis Lodge officially in

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

December. Twenty-six candidates were initiated and 150 members and eight visiting Elks were present.

Official Visit of D.D. Robison to Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge

The officers of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, and D.D. Charles C. Robison, of Morgantown, were entertained at a six o'clock dinner recently before the Lodge meeting at which the District Deputy made his official visit. A class initiation was followed by a light supper. The Lodge Home presents an inviting appearance with new furniture for the lounging, bar and card rooms, and has been painted and redecorated.

Two Alabama Lodges, Tuscaloosa and Cullman, Receive Their Charters

Two hundred local Elks and visitors assembled in Odd Fellows Hall on October 20 for the presentation of its Charter by Past State Pres. C. M. Tardy, Birmingham, to Tuscaloosa, Ala., Lodge, No. 393. A number of other prominent officials of the Ala. State Elks Assn. partici-

pated in the formal presentation. The charter was accepted by E.R. James E. Livingston, who also expressed the Lodge's appreciation for pictures of Mr. Tardy and Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. Among the leading Elks who made short but interesting talks were State Pres. Sam Lefkovits, Ensley; D.D. George Ross, E.R. Wilson R. Hogg, Seey. A. R. Oxford, P.E.R.'s Jack Ktahenbuhl, W. S. Davies and Jim Sullivan, and Esq. Frank L. Sullivan, Bessemer; E.R. A. G. Long, Ensley, and Chaplain W. T. Harrison, Birmingham. Tuscaloosa Lodge has an enthusiastic and high class membership.

Mr. Tardy also presented the charter of Cullman, Ala., Lodge, No. 1609, to E.R. George Stiefelmeyer at a meeting marked by the attendance of many visitors and the presence of a record charter membership. The Lodge was called to order by E.R. M. B. Darnall, Jr., of Florence Lodge, and initiation ceremonies were performed by the Florence Degree Team. Splendid talks were given by Mr. Tardy, Mr. Stiefelmeyer, Mr. Long and other visiting Elks.

Dennis Haley, Pioneer, Is Honored by His Lodge, Hibbing, Minn.

More than 300 Elks and other friends gathered in the Home of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, when the Lodge paid tribute to Dennis Haley, a veteran member and local pioneer, on its annual Honor Night. Three other Hibbing pio-

neers have been similarly honored, Judge Martin Hughes, Fred Twitchell and Peter McHardy, and all were present on this occasion.

A banquet was held after which the Hibbing Elks Band played. Assisting in the program were the American Legion Choristers of Evelleth, the quartet of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, which was represented by a large delegation headed by E.R. R. G. Bouschor, and Lester Hallock, Hibbing, soloist. Presentation of the colors was made by the Hibbing Eagle Scouts.

Ketchikan, Alaska, Elks Journey to Wrangell for Meeting and Dance

Early in the winter nearly 30 members of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, made the nine-hour trip by boat to Wrangell, Alaska, to initiate five candidates for Wrangell Lodge No. 1595. After opening the Lodge session, E.R. Frank S. Barnes turned over the stations to E.R. Leonard Soholt and the Ketchikan officers. The speakers of the evening were P.D.D. Fred J. Chapman, of Ketchikan, whose assistance had been so valuable in obtaining the Wrangell charter during his term of office three years ago, Van H. Fisk, first Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge, and Trustee E. A. Lindman who was President of the Bill's Club in Wrangell before the Lodge was organized.

A fine luncheon was served after the meeting. Most of the members and visitors attended a dance later that was being given by the local Elks in conjunction with the American Legion for the purpose of securing funds for a Wrangell Athletic Club for the boys and young men of the city.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Gives Life Membership to John J. Sheehan

P.E.R. John J. Sheehan, a veteran in both professional and local amateur theatricals, was honored recently by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, when he was presented with a life membership, one of the few that the Lodge has bestowed. Mr. Sheehan is a charter member and enjoys the distinction of having served two terms as Exalted Ruler. He has been an active worker in the Lodge throughout his 33 years of membership.

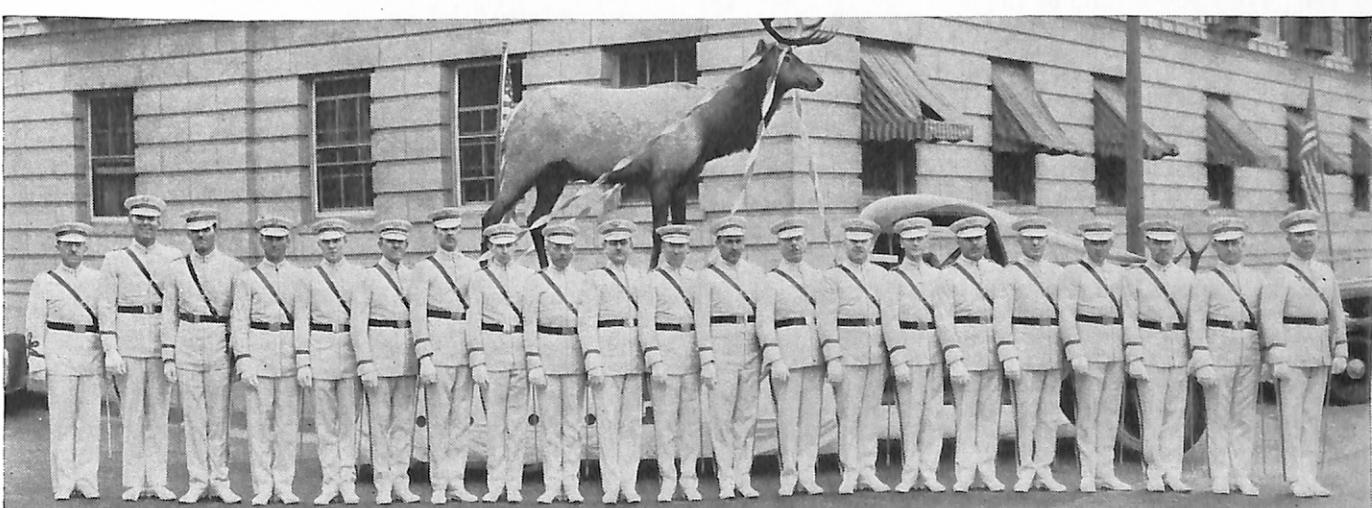
Attorney Philip O'Brien, P.E.R., was Toastmaster at the testimonial dinner for Mr. Sheehan and P.D.D. John P. Dowling, Holyoke, presented him with the life membership. Nearly 200 attended the dinner meeting in

the Lodge rooms where the presentation was made. Among the speakers were E.R. William M. Moriarity; Mayor W. P. Yoerg; Edwin K. McPeck, Adams Lodge, and P. J. Garvey, Holyoke, Past Pres's of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Herbert Webster, Holyoke. Thomas F. Griffin was Chairman of the Dinner Committee.

Miami and Miami Beach, Fla., Lodges Give Flags to County Schools

On November 10 Miami Lodge No. 948 and Miami Beach Lodge No. 1601, assisted by the American Legion and the Miami Junior Chamber of Commerce, were instrumental in distributing 1,200 flags among the schools of Dade County, Florida, thereby placing an American flag in every class and assembly room in the county. The idea was conceived about a year ago by P.E.R. Thomas J. Kelly of Miami Lodge and approximately \$1,200 in funds were raised through the efforts of the above named organizations. The local WPA furnished the labor for making the flags, employment being provided for 300 women for six months.

At bottom: Part of a class of seventy-four candidates which was initiated into Temple, Tex., Lodge recently in honor of Grand Captain Joseph B. Dobbins.





Above are members of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge who attended a testimonial dinner in honor of the Pennsylvania State Champion Degree Team.

Right: The Fathers and Sons Class at Kenosha, Wis., Lodge when nine sons of Elks were initiated into the Lodge, with their fathers and D.D. John Fay and State Pres. A. J. Genesse.

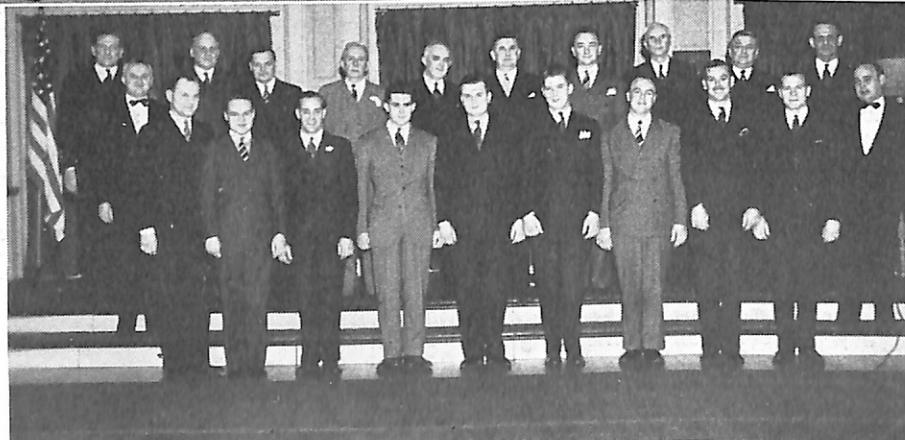
New Castle, Pa., Lodge Holds All-Day Celebration on 50th Birthday

The all-day celebration of the 50th Anniversary of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, was brought to a close with the "Golden Jubilee Dinner" at The Castleton and a grand ball in the Lodge Home. The two evening functions climaxed the observance which included, in the afternoon, the initiation of a class of 47 new and reinstated members by E.R. E. B. Connelly and his officers.

The principal speakers were Attorney George W. Muse, Toastmaster, who was introduced by Robert M. Dale, Oil City, Pres. of the Pa. N.W. District Assn.; D.D. Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, who represented Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart; Past State Pres. John F. Nugent, Braddock, and the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Connelly. P.D.D. C. W. Herman Hess addressed the class. The history of New Castle Lodge is rich in color and achievement and the Lodge received congratulations on every side and was honored by the presence of distinguished Elks of the State from many sister Lodges. A six o'clock dinner was held for the new members.

Hoquiam, Wash., Elks Burn Mortgage at 30th Anniversary Celebration

On its 30th Anniversary, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, burned the mortgage on its Home at one of the best attended and most successful meetings it has ever held. The original indebtedness was \$30,000. Features of the meeting, presided over by E.R. W. L. Hyndman, were an address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, Seattle, on



Americanism, ceremonies honoring the charter members, and a five-act vaudeville program arranged by Harold Rychard. P.E.R. Carl W. Kneipp gave the 11 O'Clock Toast, and P.E.R. Tom Sharpe was awarded a \$50 prize.

Because of the large amount of debt retired during his term as District Deputy, D. D. Robert T. Storey, P.E.R., was given the honor of burning the mortgage. Among the other speakers were John E. Drumme, Seattle, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Mr. Storey, and P.E.R.'s George Brault, Harold B. Kellogg, and William E. Campbell. A fine luncheon was served by wives of the members.

Leading Elks of State Organize N. E. Penna. District Association

A meeting organizing the Northeastern Pennsylvania District Elks Association, held in the Home of Hazleton Lodge No. 200, was called by Past State Pres's Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, George J. Post, Mahanoy City, and S. Clem Reichard, Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Post was elected President, Mr. Drum, Vice-Pres., Wilbur G. Warner, Lehighton, Secy., Max L. Silverman, Scranton, Treas., and Dr. Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville, J. Albert Jefferson, Easton, Robert Adam, Sayre, and Thomas Giles, Shamokin, members of the Executive Committee. Past Pres.

Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, State Pres. Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, and D.D. J. P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston, addressed the meeting. A chicken dinner was served in the Elks' dining room after the installation of the officers.

New Jersey Elks Honor Secy. J. E. Williams of Ridgefield Park Lodge

Nearly 200 New Jersey Elks were present in the Home of Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, on "Annual Roll Call Night," to help the Lodge celebrate the birthday of its Secretary, James E. Williams. Mr. Williams was elected Secretary when the Lodge was instituted in 1925 and has served faithfully in that capacity ever since.

The meeting was marked by a class initiation. Eight of the 12 Past Exalted Rulers were present. Former Sheriff M. L. O'Connell presented Mr. Williams with a large picture of the N. J. Crippled Children's Committee members, taken when the group met at the Green Pond Hotel last August, with Governor Harold G. Hoffman, Chairman Joseph G. Buch and 80 others. Mr. Williams has been especially active in the Elks Crippled Children work and in the Thanksgiving and Christmas charitable work of his Lodge. Splendid singing and dancing acts

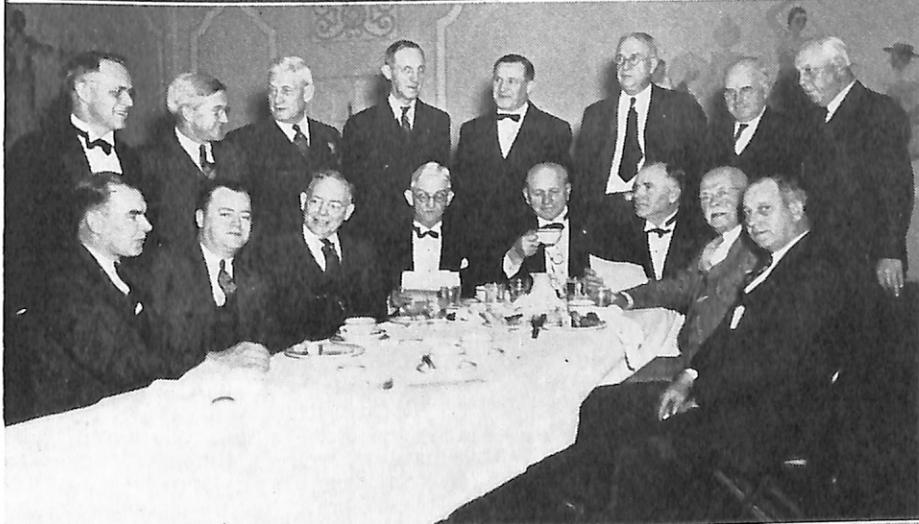
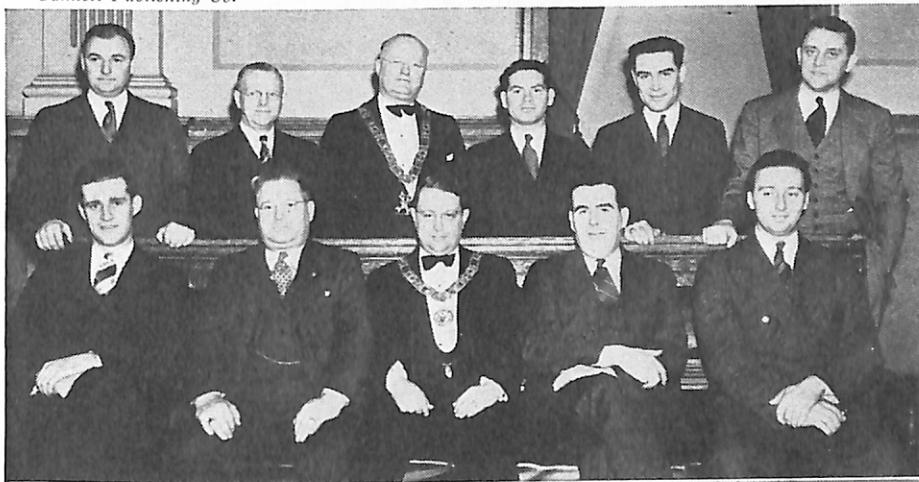
were presented after the meeting through the courtesy of Edward Corrison of the Arcola Inn, who brought his entertainers, out from the Cotton Club, to the Lodge Home.

Interesting Activities of Some of the Order's Antlers Lodges

C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Calif., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, reports some interesting events among the junior organizations of the Order. A Lodge of Antlers was instituted late in October by Defiance, O., Lodge, No. 147,

Below: A class of nine candidates initiated at a recent "Sportsmen's Night" observance by Portland, Me., Lodge. E.R. W. S. Spaulding, Jr., is seated front center.

Gannett Publishing Co.



a class of 38 boys being initiated in the first class. E.R. C. W. Kimble and Chairman John Seither of the Antlers Advisory Council were in charge of the program which was followed by a buffet supper. The Exalted Antler, Bob Craven, has a fine group of officers. Defiance Lodge of Elks has planned to equip a gymnasium and clubroom in the Lodge Home for the boys' use.

On a visit to the Antlers of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, Mr. Nichols found a group of progressive minded boys who constitute a fine influence over the youth of the city. After a short meeting of the senior Lodge, the Antlers were admitted and conducted their meeting including an initiation, remaining in the Lodge room for the continua-

tion of the Lodge session. D.D. Ken Davidson has been largely instrumental in building up the Kingman organization.

At the time this item was written new Antlers Lodges were about to be instituted at Wrangell and Skagway, Alaska, and Lockport, N. Y.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Observes 43rd Anniversary with Old Timers' Night

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, celebrated its 43rd anniversary recently by holding an "Old Timers' Night." Music was furnished by the Elks Chorus and the American Legion Junior Band. More than 200 large white badges bearing date of initiation were presented to the guests, and special honors were accorded eight of the 52 charter members. They were U. S. Senator W. E. Borah, E. J. Frawley, Jay A. Czizek, M. A. Regan, E. L. Horrie, F. C. Ramsay, W. N. Northrop and W. S. Whitehead. Past State Pres. Ralph R. Breshears of Nampa toasted the Old Timers and P.E.R. Jess B. Hawley responded. Plans were made to send a caravan to the dedication of the new Home of Burley, Ida., Lodge, No. 1384, which was instituted by Boise Elks in 1920. The Home of Boise Lodge was dedicated 23 years ago and many of the members present at the anniversary meeting recalled gatherings held long ago in the old quarters.

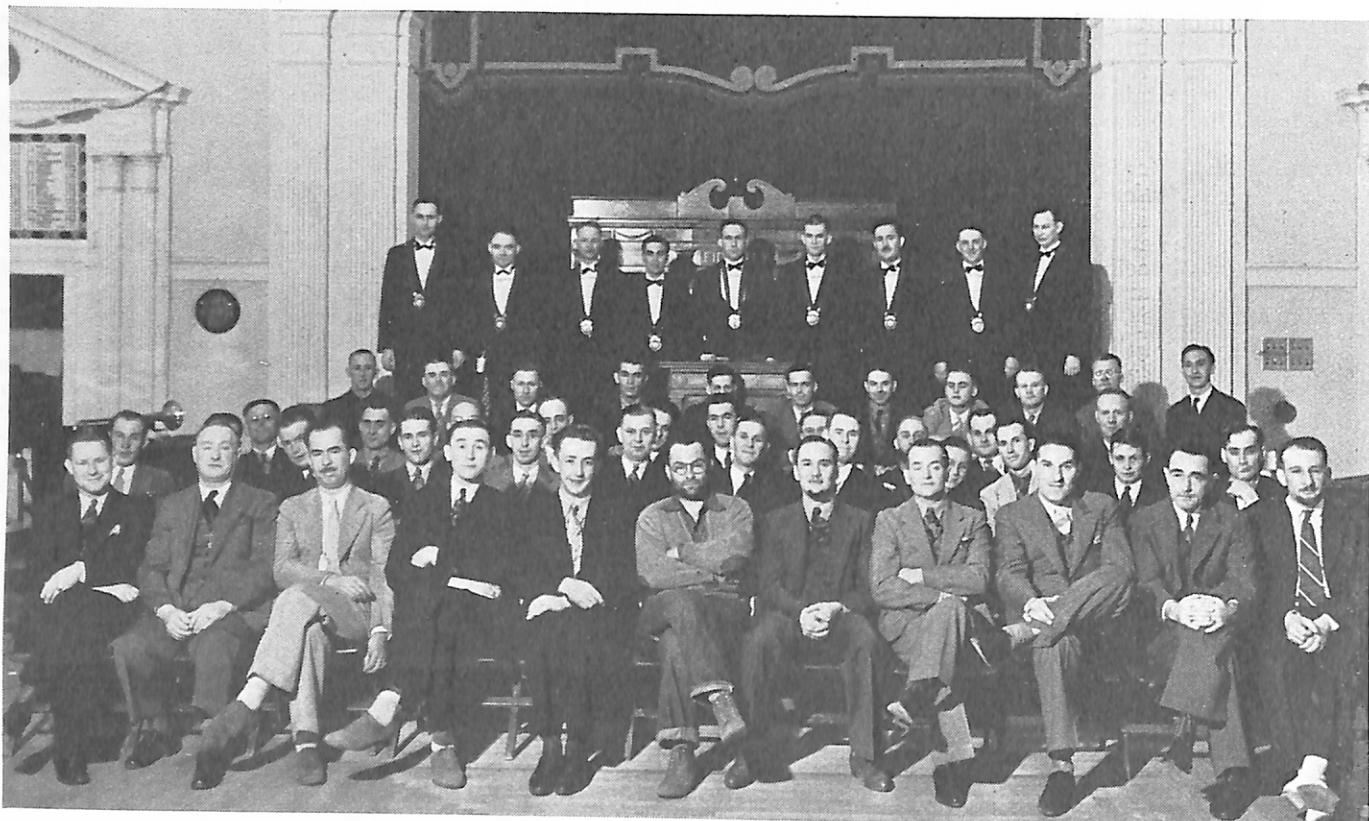
Lewistown, Pa., Lodge Honors State Vice-Pres. E. D. Smith, P.E.R.

Most of the present and past officers of the Pa. State Elks Assn. and District Deputies of the State joined Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, recently in tendering a testimonial din-

Left: Atlanta and Decatur, Ga., Elks at a banquet in Rome, Ga., on the occasion of a pre-organization meeting held to seek a charter for a new Elks Lodge at Rome.

George Cornett

Below: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Elks of Boulder, Colo., Lodge who were present when P.E.R.'s H. D. Tobey and Dr. H. D. Ingalls (at left and right of Mr. Coen) received Honorary Life Memberships from the Past Grand Exalted Ruler.



Above: Members of part of the class which was recently initiated by Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spence Hart. The class was so large that two initiations had to be held.

ner-meeting to State Vice-Pres. Edward D. Smith. More than 140 Elks were present. E.R. Robert Stuckenrath presided. For the honor his election brought to his Lodge, Mr. Smith was presented with an honorary life membership by Miles Cohen speaking on behalf of the membership. Mr. Smith was Past Exalted Ruler in 1933-34 and served in 1934-35 and 1935-36 as District Deputy for the Pa. South Cent. District.

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge Is First-Year Winner of Ritualistic Trophy

Occupying a place of honor in the Home of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, is a beautiful bronze trophy standing nearly three feet high. The trophy is the prize for winning the 1937 Team Ritualistic Contest at the annual convention of the Ariz. State Elks Assn. held in Prescott last May. It was presented at a banquet in the Hotel St. Michael by P.D.D. Jack Hosfield, Secy. of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, to Art Lee who was Exalted Ruler and a member of the Prescott Team when it won the cup. Two hundred Elks representing 11 outside Lodges attended. Past State Pres. R. I. Winn, Yuma, presented certificates of award to the winners of individual contests at the convention as follows: Art Lee, W. F. Bunte, Lester Ruffner and E. A. McCabe, Prescott; O. R. McPherson, Yuma, and Ed Brennan, Phoenix. Each of the contestants had scored 100 percent. Mr. Hosfield has given the trophy to the Association as a permanent possession. It has been suitably engraved

with the name of Prescott Lodge as the first winner of the cup.

Festivities began in the afternoon with entertainment for the ladies as well as for local and visiting Elks, and continued straight through until the close of the evening program. The State Association was represented by present and past officers and distinguished Elks from all over the State were present. Pres. Harry F. Dise, E.R. W. F. Bunte and Mayor W. H. Timerhoff, P.E.R. and Treas., of the local Lodge, D.D. K. W. Davidson, Kingman, and Toastmaster Lester Ruffner were among the speakers at the banquet.

Prominent Virginia Elk, John W. Morrison, Dies in Harrisonburg

Possibly nothing since its organization has more deeply affected the membership of Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge, No. 450, than the passing, on Oct. 18, 1937, of P.E.R. John W. Morrison. Mr. Morrison had been identified with the Lodge since 1904, engaging continuously in all of its activities. He was a Past District Deputy for the Virginia West District, and a Past President of the Va. State Elks Assn. He was born in Linville, Va., in 1876. At the time of his death he was serving his third term as Mayor, and his second in the Legislature.

Minot, N. D., Elks Carry on Activities in Newly Renovated Home

Members of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, recently enjoyed a free turkey dinner, motion pictures and other entertainment when their Lodge Home was thrown open to

celebrate the completion of improvements costing nearly \$3,000. New furniture and a new bar were purchased. A few days later the Minot Elks were treated to a game roast by two of their fellow members, Dr. F. R. Erenfeld and Edgar Moe, who had just returned from a successful hunting trip in Montana.

D.D. Connors Visits Adams and North Adams, Lodges, Mass., West

Two Lodges in his district, Mass., West—Adams No. 1335 and North Adams No. 487—received official visits recently from D.D. George Connors of Clinton Lodge. Both meetings attracted large attendances and saw the initiation of candidates by the local officers in splendid renditions of the Ritual.

Before the meeting of Adams Lodge, Mr. Connors and members of his suite were given a chicken dinner at the Gypsy Inn in Cheshire. E.R. Leon Noel presided at the Lodge session at which the District Deputy gave a most interesting talk. P.E.R. Edwin K. McPeck, a Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., addressed the new members.

Three hundred and fifty Elks turned out at the North Adams meeting. Mr. Connors made his official address to the Lodge and Mr. McPeck and P.E.R.'s James J. Meehan and J. Bernard Boland, P.D.D., were among others who spoke. Chief of Police Patrick Brazil was a visitor from Bennington, Vt., Lodge. A lunch and vaudeville show followed the meeting which had been preceded by a steak dinner held in the Spanish Court of the Hub restaurant at

tended by 75 officers and members of North Adams Lodge.

Funeral Services for "The Little Colonel" Held at Eustis, Fla., Lodge

Funeral services were held in the Home of Eustis, Fla., Lodge, No. 1578, for twelve-year-old Linard Jones, known as "The Little Colonel" to Elks throughout Florida and in many sections of the country. The boy, who had endeared himself to every one who knew him or had heard of his case, by his fortitude and sunny disposition during nine hopeless years of illness, had been a patient for the past four years at the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla which is sponsored by the Fla. State Elks Assn.

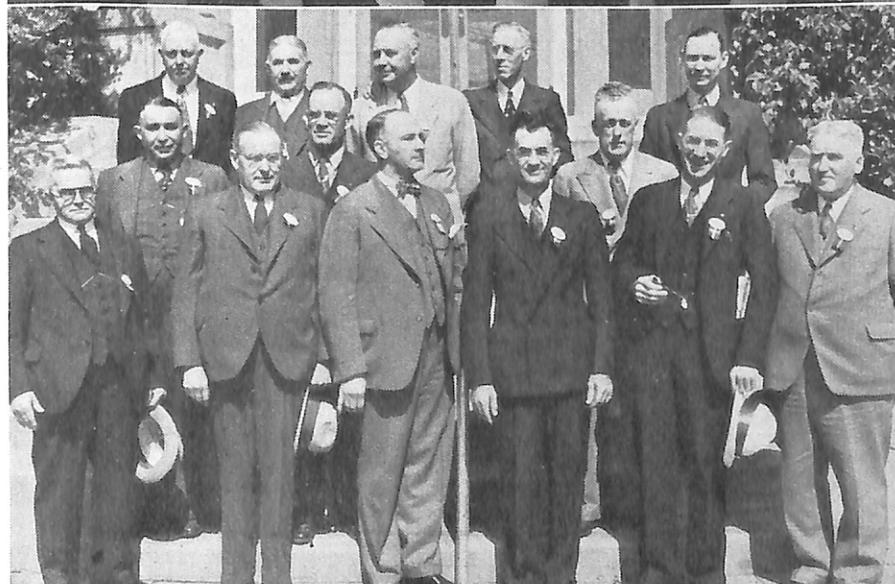
Past State Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Home, spoke from the altar. The Rev. L. B. Johnson, Pastor of the Umatilla Baptist Church, read from the Bible. The Directors of the Harry-Anna Home,

Below: The Ritualistic Team of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge. This is the National Ritualistic Champion Team which won the Ritualistic Contest in Denver last July.

all Past State Presidents, attended in a body, and the spacious room was crowded. Floral tokens filled all available space and on the cards appeared such names as Charles Spencer Hart, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, the present Governor, Fred P. Cone, the "Billboard" of New York, the Barnes, Barnett, Ringling and Cole Brothers Circuses and individual Elk Lodges. Hundreds of circus people wrote regularly to the lad when they heard of his great love for the circus through Tracy Hager of Altoona, Pa. The "Colonel" also loved Christmas and always gave each boy and girl at the Home something he had bought with money sent him by his show-people friends or those Elks who loved and looked out for him. Interment took place in Glendale Cemetery.

District Deputy Night Brings Large Crowd to Madison, Ind., Lodge

On the occasion of his official visit to Madison, Ind., Lodge, No. 524, D.D. Fred Riggs, Princeton, addressed the meeting and witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates.



Atlantic City Club Plan

The Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion for an easy way for members to accumulate funds for attendance at the Grand Lodge Convention next July is rapidly being adopted by Lodges throughout the country.

In the bulletin of Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge No. 850, this plan is prominently featured.

Books made to fit the pocket or card case, and stamps costing one dollar each are now available at all Elks clubs throughout Rhode Island. Stamps may be purchased at the convenience of members and affixed in the book, thus serving as evidence of payments. 60 STAMPS COMPLETE PAYMENT.

The sum determined upon provides Rhode Island Elks with a whole week's vacation on the nation's playground during the course of the Grand Lodge Convention. It also provides berth, breakfast and dinner on steamer to and from New York, transfer to and from Atlantic City, a room with private bath and all meals in a Boardwalk Hotel from Sunday to Friday morning. Sightseeing trips will be included as well as a dinner dance. Headquarters for the party where there will be always something doing and numerous other events yet to be arranged.

If heretofore the expense of going to your Grand Lodge Convention has been prohibitive, here is a simple easy way by which your Lodge can arrange for its members to attend.

The large attendance indicated a renewed interest on the part of the membership. After the meeting 140 Elks and their ladies enjoyed the social session and a fine game supper. A moose weighing about 950 pounds had been bagged the week before by the Exalted Ruler of Madison Lodge, Richard C. Heck, while on a hunting trip in Ontario, Canada, and a 100-pound portion was Mr. Heck's contribution to the dinner.

Visiting Elk Officers Initiate Class for Beaumont, Tex., Lodge

At the first meeting in November of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, the officers of Houston, Galveston and Beaumont Lodges conducted impressive ceremonies in the initiation of a large class of candidates which included Representative Martin Dies of the 2nd U. S. Congressional Dis-

Left: The officers of the Oregon State Elks Assn. photographed with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, first row, center.



At top: The Dave Sholtz Class and members of Cody, Wyo., Lodge. The class was initiated to celebrate Cody Lodge's new charter, presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dave Sholtz last July by special dispensation of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart.

trict of Texas. Mr. Dies gave a splendid talk on Americanism. Among the many distinguished visitors present from South Texas Lodges were P.D.D. W. W. Short, E.R. Ben A. White, Secy. H. R. Grobe, and P.E.R.'s W. J. Quinlan and Stanley O'Brien, heading a delegation of about 30 members of Houston Lodge. P.E.R. W. H. Gilliland led the Port Arthur delegation.

A Lodge of Sorrow was held for Dr. Guy H. Reed, the oldest Past Exalted Ruler of Beaumont Lodge in point of service, and one of the Lodge's most faithful members.

Cody, Wyo., Lodge, Instituted Last Summer, Progresses

Since its institution last July, Cody Lodge No. 1611, the youngest

Lodge in Wyoming, has initiated a class of candidates at almost every meeting. The membership is still growing. A Drum and Bugle Corps has been organized with 36 members. The Lodge also has a fine bowling team. As the result of its victories on Nov. 27 and Dec. 4 in the Rocky Mountain Bowling Tournament, participated in by teams from Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and Nebraska Lodges, the Cody Elks brought home the trophy, a beautiful silver cup.

Tulsa, Okla., Lodge Sponsors Americanism Contest for Young Students

As its individual contribution to the educational program being carried on by the Lodges of the Order, Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, sponsored an Americanism contest recently in conjunction with *The Tulsa Tribune*. The "Why I Like to Live in America" essay of Robert Simons, a sophomore at the Marquette High School, won the first prize of \$25. Young Simons is 14 years of age. The contest was participated in by students younger than those who usu-

Above are members of Red Wing, Minn., Lodge who are seen gathered for their annual jamboree. A banquet, floor show and dance made up an event of unusual pleasure.

ally compete in contests of this kind. An unusually large number of other cash prizes was presented.

A banquet was given by the Lodge for the winners at the Tribune Grill at which time Judge W. H. Hills of Enid Lodge, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., distributed the prizes and made a talk.

Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge Remodels Home; Reconditions Bowling Alleys

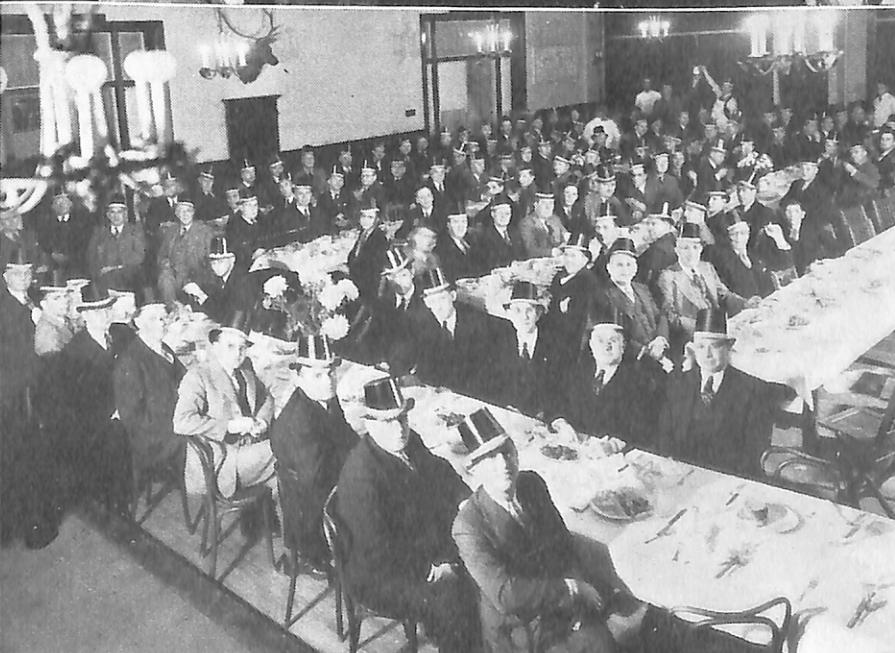
Members of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, began their fall activities in a fresh, remodeled Home. The major change was the conversion of a small tap room and a large lounging room into a single large room running the entire length of the west side of the building, with new furniture, light fixtures and floor covering, venetian blinds, and a semi-circular bar of the latest model ex-



Alexandre

Above are Elks of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge who celebrated the official visit of D.D. Judge J. Gordon Flannery. Judge Flannery was accompanied on his visit to the Lodge by State Vice-Pres. Joseph W. Crowley.

Left: Some of the 600 crippled children who were the guests of Newark, N. J., Lodge at a party recently, photographed with some of the Lodge officers.



tending across the north end of the room.

The Lodge has a good fellowship bowling league and participates in numerous tournaments, and the members are finding the reconditioned alleys splendid for practice as well as play. All of the improvements were made possible by popular subscription from volunteer members. The contractor, Hubert Zetche, is a member of the Lodge. The remodeling was carried out under the supervision of the officers and the Board of Trustees.

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge Burns Last Note of Its Indebtedness

At an enthusiastic meeting Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, burned the last note of its indebtedness and welcomed D.D. Fred Riggs of Princeton Lodge who made his official visit on that evening. An elaborate program in charge of E.R. Nelson E. Kelley and his officers included the initiation of 14 candidates. More than 100 members were present. A banquet was a feature of the social session.

E.R. Kelley, George S. Green, veteran Secretary of the Lodge, Treas. Walter C. Pleasants, W. C. Niblo,

Left: A large attendance of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge members at a round-up and turkey shoot held by the Lodge.

Treas. of the Board of Trustees, and Manford Weilbrenner, Treas. of the Home Committee, participated in the note burning ceremonies. E.R. Bret Hyneman and P.D.D. C. A. Shubart headed the Princeton delegation and E.R. Bruce Hitch escorted a delegation from Evansville Lodge.

Hastings, Neb., Lodge Entertains Elks from Grand Island

One of the first of a series of Nebraska Inter-Lodge visits was made recently by Grand Island Lodge No. 604 to Hastings Lodge No. 159. The Grand Island officers officiated at the initiation of a class of candidates. A large number of members of both Lodges attended and enjoyed an oyster stew supper after the meeting.

Sioux City, Ia., Elks Initiate Class for Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge

The fact that pigs are not popular in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., homes was demonstrated recently in the pig-passing membership drive put on by Sioux Falls Lodge No. 262. Two teams were captained by Ross Hill and Tom Brattain, with a pig for each team. From the time the first members were made custodians of the pigs until such time as each could produce the signed application of a candidate, thus passing his charge to the next unfortunate brother on the list, "getting busy" was something besides an expression. The result was the largest class initiation for Sioux Falls Lodge since 1920.

On Nov. 4, 200 members of Sioux City, Ia., Lodge, No. 112, accompanied by the championship Monahan Post Band, arrived by special train to repay a visit made the month before by Sioux Falls Elks. A parade, concert and six o'clock dinner preceded the meeting. After Lodge was opened, E.R. H. T. Beightol and his staff stepped aside and E.R. Judge H. R. Kenaston and the Sioux City

Below: Part of the 500 children who were given a dinner by Denver, Colo., Lodge recently, surrounded by members of the Lodge and their ladies.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER CALLS ATTENTION TO THE ORDER'S 70TH ANNIVERSARY

On February 16 of this year we celebrate the Seventieth Anniversary of the founding of our Order. It is a fitting date for celebration, a tribute to our leaders of the past. In a message sent to all Exalted Rulers of subordinate Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart stressed the nation-wide significance of the occasion and commented upon our critical present day national and international relationships, expressing the belief that our country needs patriotic and fraternal organizations more than ever before. He called the attention of all members to the fact that the Order of Elks in every city where a Lodge exists has always been a bulwark of Americanism, and that there are hundreds of thousands of men, especially young men, whom we need in our Lodges today as great human assets for tomorrow.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler has therefore issued a special dispensation to every Lodge in the Order for a meeting, to be held on the night of February 16, 1938, "to commemorate the Anniversary and to initiate the Seventieth Anniversary Class."

The Grand Lodge State Associations Committee is making every effort to bring into the ranks of Elkdom men who are willing to *think and plan*, men who are willing to *preach and fight* for the maintenance of the principles upon which our democracy was founded, and therefore, in connection with the proclamation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, proposes to make

every possible effort to increase the membership by *at least ten percent over last year*.

In a broadside sent all Exalted Rulers, the State Associations Committee—Chairman Joseph B. Kyle, John F. Burke, Howard R. Davis, William H. Kelly and Frank C. Winters—stressed the responsibility which each Exalted Ruler shares in the membership drive, and requested each to initiate his portion of the minimum ten percent increase in each Lodge called for by March 31, 1938.

A Chairman and Associate Chairman for each state and territory have been appointed and state quotas for increased membership have been set.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler has offered three cups for outstanding performances in the membership program:

1. *For the Lodge showing the greatest percentage of increase of net membership by March 31, 1938, over last year.*

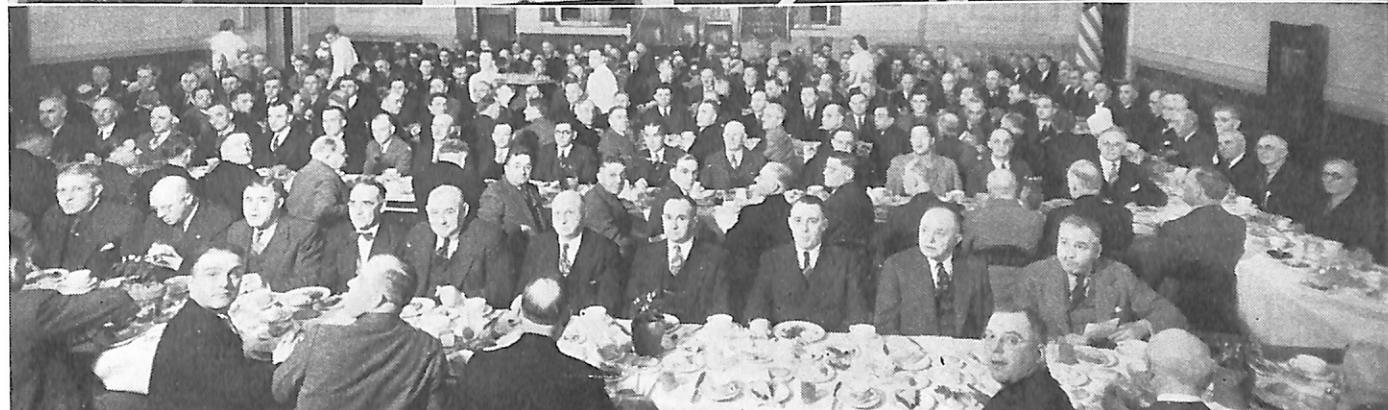
2. *For the state showing the greatest increase ending March 31, 1938, over that date last year.*

3. *For the District Deputy whose district shows the greatest percentage of increase for the year ending March 31, 1938.*

It is urged that the special committee in each Lodge, appointed by its Exalted Ruler to prepare for the Anniversary, take such steps as will bring into the ranks of Elkdom a class of representative men capable of assisting us in fraternal, patriotic and charitable endeavor.



Rocky Mountain Photo Co.



Bardessono

At top: Members of Longview, Wash., Lodge and their ladies who attended a turkey dinner in the Lodge room recently in honor of the Longview High School football squad which won the Southwest Washington Conference Title.

Above: Those Hibbing, Minn., Elks who attended the 4th Annual Honor Night Dinner sponsored by Hibbing Lodge.



officers initiated 44 candidates. Twenty-two were unable to be present that night. Entertainment and a luncheon followed the ceremonies. E. B. Peterson, Sioux Falls, Pres. of the S. Dak State Elks Assn., and State Secy. Carl H. Nelles, Madison, were among the prominent Elks present. P. H. McDowell, Trustee of the local Lodge, welcomed the new members and John R. McDowell responded.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Initiates a Class of 55 Members

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge No. 512, initiated 55 candidates recently in honor of D.D. Edward J. Linney, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. More than 200 Elks were present, among them being P.E.R. M. F.

Above: Members of Bowling Green, Ohio, Lodge and prominent northwestern Ohio Elks joined together to witness the burning of the mortgage of Bowling Green Lodge.

Horne, a Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., several State officers and P.D.D. W. C. Kipp, Apollo Lodge.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Initiates Class on "Sons of Elks Night"

Over 250 members assembled recently in the Home of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, on "Sons of Elks Night," when a class was initiated made up largely of sons of present members or Elks who had passed on. D.D.'s N. Bosley Hoffman of Towson, Md., Lodge, and T. Z.

Minehart, Chambersburg, Pa., and P.D.D.'s Alfred W. Gaver, Frederick, Md., and Lawrence Ensor, Towson, made appropriate talks in welcoming the young men into the Order. A five-act floor show was followed by a buffet supper.

Officers of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge Praised for Degree Work

The Exalted Ruler and other chair officers of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, performing their first initiatory ceremonies on November 18, received high praise from D.D. Byron L. Jones of Lebanon Lodge, who was making his official visit on that night. Eleven candidates were initiated. E.R. Myron G. Phillips is head of the Department of Speech of Wabash College.

P.E.R. S. C. Duberstein of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, Gives Generously

Many Elks find numerous ways of giving service in accordance with the principles embodied in the tenets of the Order. A noteworthy example of generosity is that practiced by P.E.R. Samuel C. Duberstein of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, who has been giving scholarships to sons and daughters of Elks for the past 10 years. The latest recipient is Shephard Kole whose scholarship covers one year's free tuition in St. John's Law School, Brooklyn. Young Kole is a son of Attorney Edward A. Kole, a fellow member of Mr. Duberstein in Brooklyn Lodge.

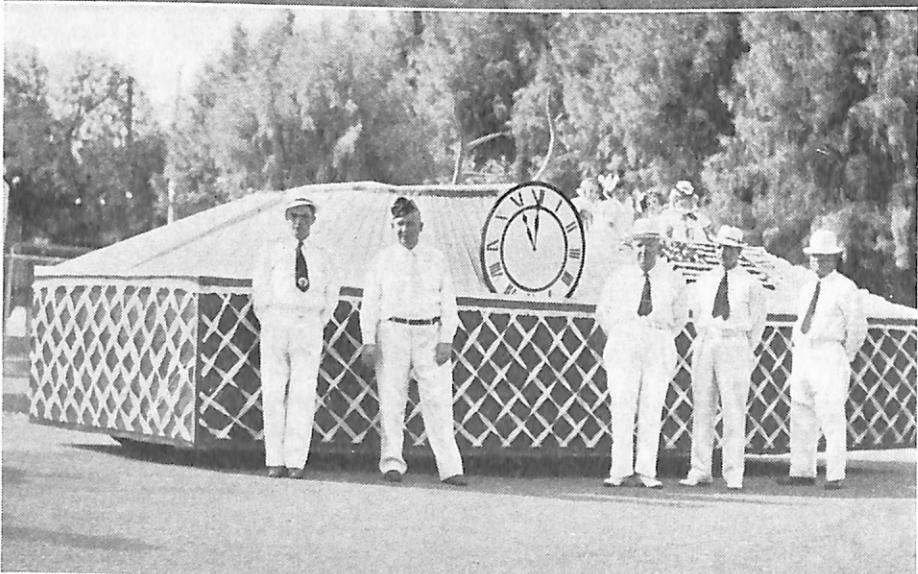
East District Meetings Held at Goldsboro and Wilmington, N. C.

The first Inter-Lodge meeting this season of the North Carolina East District was held at the Home of Goldsboro Lodge No. 139 with 150 present. The Wilmington delegation arrived in a body in a chartered bus. A barbecue was served before the meeting. Among the speakers were Grand Inner Guard George W. Munford, Durham; D.D. Charles I. Morton, Wilmington; Pres. John Caffey and Secy. W. C. Burns, Greensboro, and Vice-Pres. C. A. Jurgensen, Wilmington, of the N. C. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D.'s L. P. Gardner who was Master of Ceremonies and Robert Stevens, Goldsboro, P.D.D. J. J. Burney, Wilmington, and P.E.R. R. Jack Smith, Goldsboro.

The second Inter-Lodge meeting took place when Wilmington Lodge No. 532, was host at an informal supper at the Lodge Home. Mr. Burney delivered the address welcoming the visiting Elks from New Berne, Fayetteville, Washington, Goldsboro and Elizabeth City. Grand Inner Guard Munford and D.D. Morton, who had just completed his official inspection of the District Lodges, also spoke. Louis Stein, 50 years an Elk, and many 35-year Elks, were warmly welcomed. Among the prominent members of the Order present besides those who attended the Goldsboro meeting, were P.D.D.'s H. E. Longley and L. H. Trulove, Wilmington, and E.R.'s Marvin Best, Goldsboro, F. H. Grimm, Fayetteville, D. L. Ward, New Berne, and R. K. Weeks, Wilmington.

Birmingham Elks Decorate Graves of B. M. Allen and Capt. McCrossin

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, made its annual pilgrimage to the graves of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen and Past Grand Inner Guard Capt. Edward J. McCrossin, P.E.R.'s, on Oct. 31. Officers, members and friends assembled at the Lodge Home, forming an automobile procession, led by Capt. Charles McCombs and escorts of the State Patrol, which proceeded to Elmwood Cemetery. Impressive exercises were held. Dr. John W. Perkins, P.E.R., was in charge of the arrangements, being ably assisted by P.E.R.'s



At top: The officers of Needles, Calif., Lodge, a new branch of the Order which was recently instituted. Also above is a photograph of a float which was entered by Needles Lodge in the Armistice Day Parade.

Below: Among those at Sonora, Calif., Lodge's Baseball Night were, from left to right: Walter Mails, former pitcher for the Cleveland Indians; Bill Cunningham, former outfielder with the Giants; Irving J. Symons, E.R. of Sonora Lodge; Earl "Hap" Collard, former pitcher with the Cleveland, Detroit and Philadelphia Nationals; Joe DiMaggio, star outfielder for the Yankees, and Lefty O'Doul, former National League batting champion and present manager of the San Francisco Seals.



Dr. I. Silverman, John W. O'Neill and P.D.D. Harry W. English. E.R. John S. Foster was Master of Ceremonies. Mr. English placed the wreath on Mr. Allen's grave. He was elected Secretary the evening Birmingham Lodge was organized in 1888 when Mr. Allen was elected Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. Albert Boutwell laid the wreath on the grave of Capt. McCrossin. Vocal music was rendered by the Elks Quartet.

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge Holds Successful Newspaper Sale

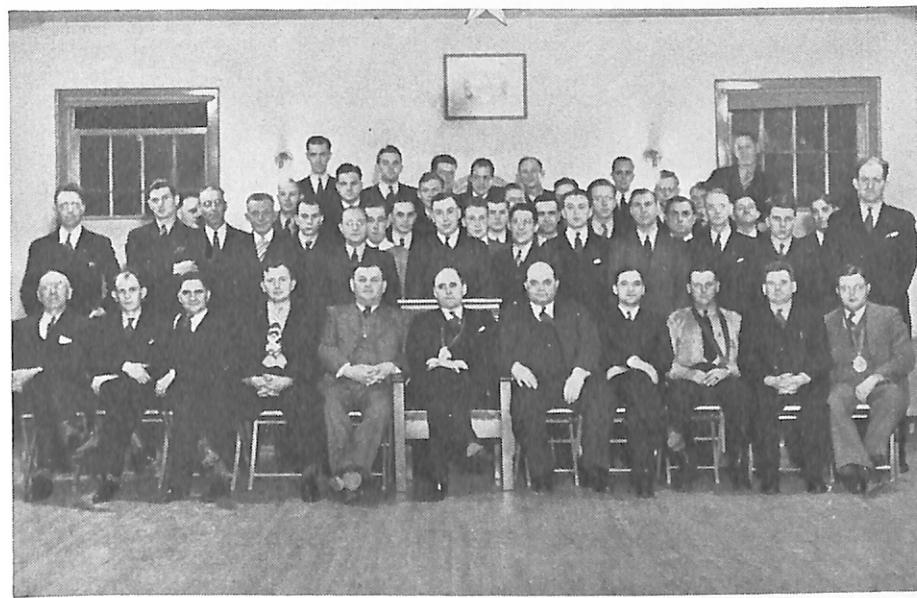
Members of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, raised more than \$700 before the Holidays for Lodge charity work by selling the *Union-Star* on city streets and in hotels, night clubs and theatres. A prize offered by the Lodge to the Elk wear-

the dedication address. Col. Sullivan was Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge at the time of his death which occurred in 1936.

E.R. Eldon S. Lazarus and the New Orleans officers performed the ceremonies and placed wreaths on the tomb. The occasion was rendered doubly sorrowful by the recent death of Mrs. Sullivan. The members of the Grand Lodge Committee on the John P. Sullivan Memorial were Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and P.E.R.'s Sidney A. Freudenstein and A. Abrahamsen of New Orleans Lodge.

Decatur, Ga., Lodge Gives Banquet for Local Football Team

Members of the Board of Education, city and county officials and



Above, in front row: D.D. W. T. Lovins, of West Virginia South, and the officers of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge. Behind them is a class of 35 candidates which was initiated on the occasion of the District Deputy's official visit to the Lodge.

ing the most typical costume went to William Shirley, Chairman of the committee in charge, who made his rounds dressed as a Bowery newsboy. The Elks purchased their papers from regular newsboys at the usual rates, receiving large profits from buyers who enjoyed the fun and were glad to contribute to a worthy cause.

Sullivan Mausoleum, Erected by the Grand Lodge, Is Dedicated

Tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan was paid by members of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, on Sunday, December 5, at ceremonies dedicating the magnificent mausoleum erected in Metairie Cemetery by the Grand Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, delivered

prominent newspaper men were present at the second annual banquet given by Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, in honor of the Decatur High School football team. Fourteen players were given sweaters or letters. Ed Danforth, sports editor of *The Georgian*, was the principal speaker. E.R. S. L. Threadgill offered the congratulations of the Lodge, and Head Coach Joe Martin gave a short resume of the games of the past season in which the team made a splendid showing with six victories and one tie in nine games played.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Invites Exchange of Bulletins

The first issue of "The Antlers," the official quarterly publication of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, has made its appearance. Esteemed Loyal Knight Roy C. Heinlein, editor of this interesting four-page chronicle of the activities of the Lodge and its members, is anxious to establish an exchange list with other Lodges. If they will communicate with him, he will be glad to place their names on his mailing list in return for a like courtesy.

Danville, Pa., Lodge Initiates Class Honoring State President

The "Grover C. Shoemaker Class" of 24 members was initiated recently into Danville, Pa., Lodge, No. 754. Two hundred local members and visiting Elks, among whom were State Pres. Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, State Vice-pres. Edward D. Smith, Lewistown, and D.D. C. D. Keefer, Sunbury, attended the meeting. Life memberships were voted to the nine living members who joined Danville Lodge when it was organized in 1901. The initiatory ceremonies were in charge of the Degree Team of Bellefonte, Pa., Lodge, No. 1094. A turkey dinner was served before the meeting.

"John K. Burch Night" Held at Traverse City, Mich., Lodge

The largest attendance of the season was present at the meeting of Traverse City, Mich., Lodge, No. 323, on "John K. Burch Night," held recently in honor of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch. The officers and a large delegation of members of Mr. Burch's Lodge, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, accompanied him to Traverse City. A class of candidates was initiated in his honor with the ritualistic work being performed by the Grand Rapids Degree Team. Mr. Burch made a fine talk. A lake trout dinner was served before the meeting.

Lodge and Club Rooms Dedicated by Needles, Calif., Lodge

The dedication of the Lodge and club rooms of Needles, Calif., Lodge, No. 1608, instituted only last June, was celebrated by the initiation of a class of 45 candidates. High officials of the Order were present, including C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn. and Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; Past State Pres. L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. R. J. Asbury, Riverside, and P.D.D. G. P. Campbell, Santa Ana. Delegations came from many southern California Lodges and from Arizona and Nevada.

The Lodge attributes much of its success to the efforts of Mr. Campbell in its behalf and also to the assistance of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468. A class of 71 candidates was initiated for Needles Lodge on the night of its institution by the Kingman officers. Not long afterward the Lodge took in 46 new members and five by demit.

Old Newsboys Sale Nets

Danville, Ill., Lodge Over \$4,000

The grand total of \$4,077.98 was realized by Danville, Ill., Lodge, No. 332, from its fifth annual newspaper sale for the Elks holiday charity fund. The team captained by Mayor Frank P. Meyer won team honors, while E.R. John L. Supple, Danville Township Highway Commissioner,

came off with individual honors.

As in past years, *The Commercial-News* donated a special souvenir "Old Newsboy" edition, the red and white handbands and aprons worn by the "newsies," and the trucks and labor required to keep the sellers supplied with papers. The hat bands bore the names of *The Commercial-News* and the Old Time Newsboys Club. More than 150 Elks enlisted in the Old Newsboys army, hawking their papers on the streets and entertaining the crowds with original and amusing stunts.

Item of Interest from Ligonier, Ind., Lodge

Ligonier, Ind., Lodge, No. 451, instituted in 1898, has a long list of living Past Exalted Rulers. P.D.D. Sol Henoch, who was instrumental in obtaining the Lodge's charter, is senior Past Exalted Ruler in point of service. Mr. Henoch's recent resignation as Trustee, due to the fact that he is absent from Ligonier the greater part of the year, was reluctantly accepted. For 39 years he has been in office continuously.

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge Honors Memory of P.E.R. C. J. Griswold

A Lodge of Sorrow was held recently by Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, for the late P.E.R. Carl J. Griswold, with Past Exalted Rulers in charge. Mr. Griswold became a member in 1906. He served in all the offices, was Treasurer for 10 years, and at the time of his death was Chairman of the Board of Trustees. He was a man of sterling character and one of Goldsboro's most popular Elks.

Right: *The Stroh Bohemian Bowling Team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, the Elks National Champions in all events, after being presented with their diamond medals and the trophy.*

Spence and Wyckoff

Below: *The Duquesne University Orchestra whose music contributed to the enjoyment of the 35th Anniversary celebration of Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge recently.*

Sayre, Pa., Lodge Sponsors "Fraternal Night" Celebration

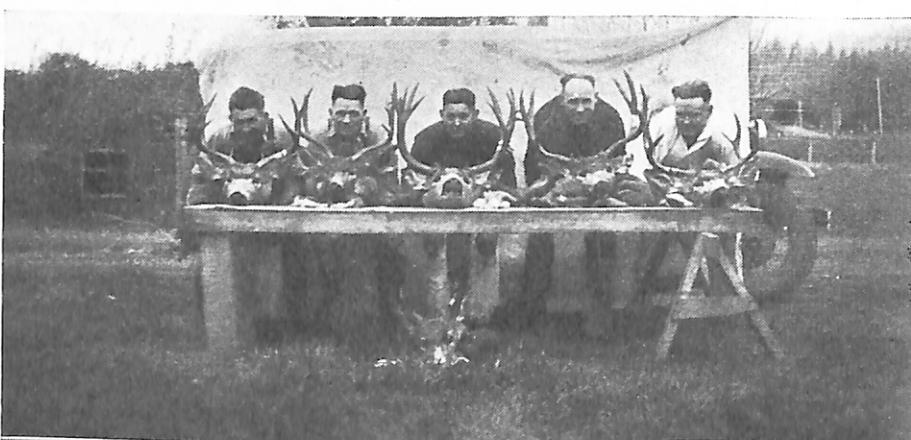
More than 150 representatives of 23 fraternal groups in the vicinity attended the "Fraternal Night" celebration sponsored recently by Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148. William Yngstrom of Elmira, international director of the Lions clubs, and the Rev. James Sheridan were speakers.

The meeting was opened by P.E.R. D. P. Tierney, E.R. C. L. Waltman, who presided, introduced representatives of the various organizations and later turned the meeting over to Est. Lead. Knight Thomas Jordan. A buffet supper was served later.

Junction City, Kans., Lodge Cancels Debt on Home

On the occasion of his official visit to Junction City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037, D.D. John E. Larson, of Ottawa, found the Lodge in an excellent condition. At the time this item was written, invitations were being extended to Lodges in the vicinity to join the Junction City Elks on February 21 in celebrating the paying of mortgage on the Lodge Home.

Below: *Members of Tillamook, Ore., Lodge who were photographed with their catch during the 1937 deer season.*





A. Worwick

Above: Elks and their ladies of Woodstock, Ill., Lodge photographed at a "Feather Night" in the Lodge rooms. Five hundred and twelve dollars were realized for the Charity Fund as the proceeds of this and a similar party.

Right: Two talented blind youths, Ray McDowell and Ralph Jenkins, who received guide dogs as Christmas presents from Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. The young men are photographed with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Past Grand Esquire J. J. Doyle, of Los Angeles Lodge.

Notice of Closing Date of Bowling Tournament at Milwaukee

Attention is called to the closing date—March 1—for entries in the Elks National Bowling Tournament at Milwaukee. Play begins on March 26.

Cash prizes and diamond medals will be given as well as the handsome trophy which Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, will present to the Lodge whose team is the winner of the five-man team championship event. John J. Gray, National Secretary of the Association, is receiving entries and giving information at 216 East 16th Street, Milwaukee, and Milwaukee Lodge is in the last stage of its extensive preparations for the Tournament.

Tucumcari, N. M., Lodge Cooperates in Community Activities

Tucumcari Lodge, No. 1172, is one of the most progressive Lodges in New Mexico. The members are proud of the fact that they own their own Home, and of the enviable position held by their Lodge in the community.

On December 4 the Tucumcari Elks held their annual Charity Ball. The proceeds, amounting to a considerable sum, were used for the Lodge's Christmas charitable activities, carried out on a large scale in both Tucumcari and Quay Counties in cooperation with the local Women's Civic Club, the Princess and Odeon Theatres, the school departments, the NYA and the Department of Public Welfare. The Lodge also



Acme News Pictures

furnished materials from which the NYA sewing group made a large number of fine toys and dolls.

Plans for a Lodge in Rome, Ga., Discussed at Banquet

Many Atlanta and Decatur Elks attended a banquet on December 3 in Rome, Ga., where a preorganization meeting was held with the object of petitioning the Grand Lodge for a charter for a Lodge in Rome. A great deal of enthusiasm was displayed.

Among those present were: Atlanta, Grand Trustee John S. McClelland; Pres. Charles G. Bruce, Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Past Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, of the Ga. State Elks Assn.; E.R. Dr. I. H. Etheridge, Secy. J. Clayton Burke, Chairman of the New Lodge Committee, and Dr. W. J. Turner; Decatur, Jake Hall, Poole Anderson and Ernest P. Johnson; Isaac May, an Atlanta member now residing in Rome; Nevin Patton, Rome; Barry Wright, Chairman, and W. E. Wright, Treas., of the Organization Committee; H.

J. Stewart, Committee Secretary, and S. H. Smith, Chairman of the General Arrangements Committee.

Albany, Ga., Lodge Gives Generously to Local Charity Fund

As a part of its local welfare work, Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, donated \$500 to the Walter Mallard Empty Stocking Fund. The check was presented early in December to the Chairman of the Fund Committee, Chief D. W. Brosnan, P.E.R., by E.R. the Rev. T. A. Brennan.

D.D. Connors Visits Leominster, Mass., Lodge Officially

Delegations from 10 Lodges of the Mass. West District visited Leominster Lodge No. 1237 on District Deputy Night. D.D. George Connors of Clinton Lodge made his official inspection and witnessed the initiation of a class. More than 300 Elks were present. Elaborate preparations resulted in one of the best meetings held by Leominster Lodge during the winter.

(Continued on page 54)



Schutz

Above: The banquet given at Washington, D. C., for Major Hart by distinguished Elks of the vicinity of Washington. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was among those present.

IMPORTANT conferences and meetings, combining business of the Order with social sessions, have continued to occupy the time of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, taking him, up to the first of the year, as far in the middle west as the State of Iowa. He has given many radio broadcasts, speaking principally for safer driving in connection with the Elks Traffic Safety Program. The scores of telegrams and letters which have followed the broadcasts have in every instance expressed a favorable reaction and a desire for their continuation.

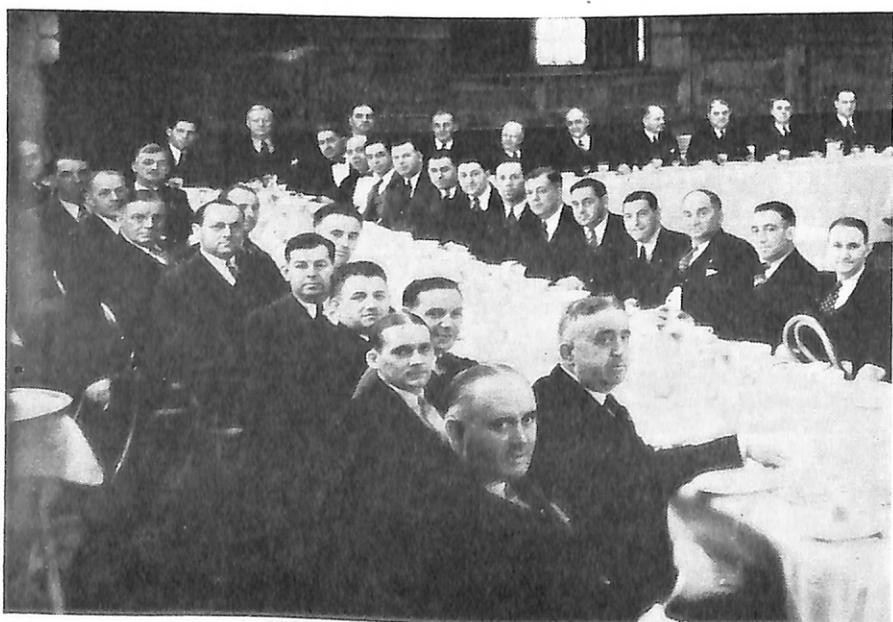
On November 26 Major Hart was met in Cincinnati, O., by a large representation of the membership of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, headed by P.E.R.'s James S. Richardson, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Pres. John F. Fussinger with other officers of the Ohio State Elks Association. A banquet in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor, held at 7 P. M. in the Lodge Home, was attended by about 75 members and a number of guests. Major Hart attended the regular Lodge session at which he spoke, being introduced by Mr. Richardson. The Cincinnati Elks held open house during the afternoon and evening. A fine entertainment program was presented and refreshments were served in the grill.

Accompanied by a delegation of Cincinnati Elks and escorted by State highway patrolmen, Major Hart arrived in Hamilton, O., at 11 A. M. on November 27, being the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit Hamilton Lodge No. 93 in the past seven years. After a drive through the

city he was taken to the Lodge Home where he was guest of honor at an informal luncheon, during which he made a speech in which Hamilton Lodge came in for a great deal of praise and the subject of the national traffic campaign was dwelt upon at some length. The Grand Exalted Ruler's party was joined by a number of Hamilton Elks and an afternoon visit was then paid to Middletown, O., Lodge, No. 257, where many members were on hand for the informal meeting.

Major Hart arrived in Dayton, O., late that afternoon at the head of a motorcade and that evening was

guest of honor at a banquet in the Biltmore Hotel. The banquet was followed by card games and a dance. At 11 P. M. the assemblage rose for the giving of the 11 O'Clock Toast. The ceremony was broadcast through the facilities of Station WHIO. The Grand Exalted Ruler remained over Sunday to participate in the institution of Dayton Lodge No. 58. The movement for the organization of a Lodge in Dayton had been under way for some time and the charter was granted by Major Hart a few months after he became Grand Exalted Ruler. The ceremonies were impressive. Many prominent Elks were



present as well as Exalted Rulers, officers and members of Ohio Lodges anxious to assist in giving the new Lodge a good send-off. Many had attended the banquet the night before. Among the distinguished visitors were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago; Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo; Grand Tiler Arnold Westermann, Louisville, Ky.; Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Pres. Fussinger, Cincinnati, Secy. Harry D. Hale, Newark, and Treas. William Petri, Cincinnati, of the O. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky, C. R. Francies, Ravenna, and Glenn B. Rodgers, Washington Court House; Special Deputy Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Ill., and P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was accompanied to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on November 30 by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who is a Past Exalted Ruler of that Lodge. This was a red letter night at the Queens Borough Lodge Home and members and visiting Elks from Lodges in the vicinity made up a crowd estimated at more than 750. Many of the officers of

the N. Y. State Elks Association were present. The list of distinguished Elks in attendance was long and impressive. Major Hart received an ovation when he was introduced by Judge Hallinan and another at the close of his speech. The host Lodge had a handsome present for the Grand Exalted Ruler and an assortment of fine glassware, which had been selected with great care, was presented to him as a token of its esteem. He was further honored by the initiation of a large class. Before the evening meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet had been held by the Lodge in its dining rooms, attended by Major Hart, Judge Hallinan, other members and guests and all of the candidates who were initiated later.

In the Home of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, on December 2, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart held a conference with the Exalted Rulers of Detroit, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Port Huron, Alpena, Pontiac, Royal Oak and Ferndale, Mich., Lodges. At 3 p. m. he joined with Police Commissioner Heinrich A. Pickert in presenting a safety program over radio station WXYZ. He was a guest of

the Lodge at a banquet held in his honor that evening and at the meeting which preceded it. One hundred and fifty members attended the dinner, and a class of 40 candidates was initiated at the Lodge session.

Major Hart's next visit was to Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196. He was met at the city limits on December 3 by a group of Elks and other citizens headed by E.R. Benjamin F. Watson, P.E.R.'s L. M. Richard, J. C. McCullough, Homer D. Parker, Dan D. McCullough, H. D. Hubbard and C. L. Stebbins, and Frank Bigelow. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke that morning at the Eastern High School and was then escorted to the Hotel Olds where an informal reception took place and a luncheon was given for him by Lansing Lodge. Mayor Max Templeton and a number of city and State officials were present. The regional meeting which Grand Exalted Ruler Hart held with Exalted Rulers of lower Michigan Lodges, took place at the Lansing Lodge Home that afternoon. The banquet which the Lodge gave for its distinguished guest was largely attended and also held at the Home.

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Right: Major Hart with Paul G. Hoffman, President of the Automotive Safety Foundation and the Studebaker Corporation, and David M. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board of the B. F. Goodrich Company, who were heard over the WABC-Columbia network in a radio program, "Making Our Roads Safe", sponsored by Maj. Hart.

Below and on opposite page: Those who attended a regional meeting and luncheon with Grand Exalted Ruler Hart, to Exalted Rulers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in Boston.



much grief by heartily believing that he knows it all. Here again the police agree grimly.

"We got no sympathy for them," says the lieutenant, tipping back in his chair and scowling at the file case in the corner. "It ain't just because they're trying to ream somebody else most of the time. But when they do get taken, so help me, they come in here and start telling us how to catch the guy that took 'em. Here's a fellow who's so smart he falls for an old one with whiskers on it, so he knows how to run our business for us. That's what burns me up."

The disadvantages of thinking you know all the answers are apparent in the case of New York's more legitimate rackets—the kind concerned with cover charges, wine lists and floor shows. Here, in the teeth of the grand old tradition of the butter-and-egg man from the west, it is the New Yorker who is the star sucker after eight o'clock in the evening. The most expensive restaurants and night places, the kind that scorn to supply lavish entertainment and devote their primary attention with suave efficiency to the practice of addition on cash registers, don't bother much with out-of-towners because there are already so many New Yorkers willing to pay two dollars for an entree and fifty cents for an order of green peas. One of Manhattan's smartest restaurants cheerfully published a sample check in a smart magazine the other day, totaling \$30.00 for lunch for four—with out drinks. And, after all, anybody who will pay that much for lunch is a sucker in any terms, whether Barnum's or Texas Guinan's.

Not that the big butter-and-egg man is an extinct species. With the revival of business he has been coming back. It is a Broadway axiom that the more money an out-of-towner has and the larger his home town, the easier he is to milk. But, four times out of five, the man paying the big check in New York's more elegant bandit-caves lives within half an hour of the place. He is so far gone in suckerhood that he knows and approves of the fact that most of what he is paying for is the

Wooden Nickels

(Continued from page 13)



*Never been more than
fifty miles from Bucks
Fork before*

privilege of feeding in the same room with a lot of heavy-spending celebrities. The out-of-towner might like that privilege, too, and would be willing to pay for it. But he has probably never even heard of the more exclusive of these places and, when the place is nationally famous, he stands little chance of getting a table. Nor does he know where to find a victoria to drive him around Central Park at five dollars an hour. So that is left to New Yorkers feeling high and college boys from the big Eastern universities.

It is no compliment to the out-of-towner, however, that he must play second-fiddle to the New Yorker. The only thing that saves him is the fact that he doesn't know his way around well enough to get into any kind of trouble worth mentioning. Things were different ten years ago when the town contained some 22,000 speakeasies. New Yorkers had their own pet strings of five or six safe places and never bothered to branch out. But out-of-towners had to ask questions and often asked them of taxi drivers who were practically all earning commissions by steering for clip-joints. That was a fine way to end up in a seldom ventilated second floor with the manager and three husky waiters presenting you an outrageous bill.

Repeal made part of the difference in closing up most of the speakeasies where locked doors and constant contact with criminal sources of supply made strong-arm blackmail the most natural thing in the world.

"There's a few of the clip-joints

still open, I guess," says a shrewd gentleman who has done well on Broadway for years and years by knowing all the answers and staying inconspicuous. "It stands to reason they ain't all gone. But I tell you straight I wouldn't know where to find one. Why, just yesterday I met a fellow on the street, I guess he was one of the biggest clip-operators in town five years ago—owned five or six places and had a piece in some others and a flock of girls—well, here he is now, bracing me for five bucks and looking like he needed it the worst way. Honest, a stranger is a lot

safer in New York than he would be in Pittsburgh or St. Louis. Walk in a poolroom out west somewhere and the boys'll spot you for a stranger and sort of mosey 'round and see what they can do for you. Walk in a poolroom on Broadway and nobody'll say a word to you till closing time. So far as clipping goes, well, with this Administration"—meaning the present Fusion Administration in New York—"you can't fix the cops high enough up, see. Maybe the lieutenant or the captain'll take theirs to lay off, but then there's a couple of complaints straight to headquarters and the commissioner says to somebody close to him, 'You go knock that joint over tonight,' and it gets knocked and nobody don't know it's going to happen till the cops get there with the axes."

The police have also apparently succeeded in making the predatory New York taxi driver healthily nervous with elaborate fingerprinting, photographing and constant undercover checking up. Any middle-aged man who pulls his hat over his eyes and loafa on a corner by a New York hackstand for ten minutes these days will have every driver in the rank trying to draw him out and find out what he's up to. Hack drivers still steer and get commissions in the Broadway sector, but nowadays to inexpensive Broadway cabarets where the out-of-towner wants to go anyway to eat dinner and see a big floor show and have a lot to drink for about half what it would cost him in a really ritzy place. The worst that can happen to him in a run-of-the-

mill cabaret is an extra charge for a ring-side table, of which a card on his plate duly warned him if he had bothered to look at it, or, if he gets too tight to be able to read figures correctly, a rousing overcharge. One of the waiter's neater ways of managing the overcharge is to pick an expansive drunk who is paying the check for a large party and hand him both his party's check and a smaller check from another table. The smaller check, however, never gets to the cashier that trip and the waiter pockets the difference. Still, you're liable to get that kind of treatment when indecently exhilarated, whether you come from Spokane or Park Avenue. Similarly, both New Yorkers and out-of-towners often find it embarrassing and expensive if they insist on involving themselves with a lady whose brilliant blonde coiffure shows a faint dark pencilling along the parting. But only the New Yorker has been around enough to appreciate the background of the fact that, when "Lucky" Luciano, king of New York's vice racket, was recently sent up the river, practically all signs advertising private dancing lessons in windows along the upper West Side disappeared overnight.

THREE is something almost pathetic about the way modern New York protects the visitor against any possibility of getting off the beaten track. Even the racketeering sightseeing buses which used to infest Times Square, take the yokel's money, give him a seat and make him sit there for four or five hours until the bus filled up—if it ever did—have recently been cleaned out. Legislation requiring all second-hand watches to be labeled plainly as such has badly cramped the style of the old racket of selling country cousins five-dollar combinations of new-plated cases with antediluvian works from nationally known makers—a standard article in the chump-industry, assembled to sell wholesale at about ten dollars a dozen. They can't do much about the phony auction rooms which line Broadway and its sur-

rounding streets. But there the out-of-towner's natural suspicion of glibness is somewhat tempered by his willingness to take something home from the big town as a souvenir, even if he does pay a dollar or so too much for it. And these auction rooms and the steamship pier and the railroad station are about the only spots left where trouble may be waiting for the country cousin.

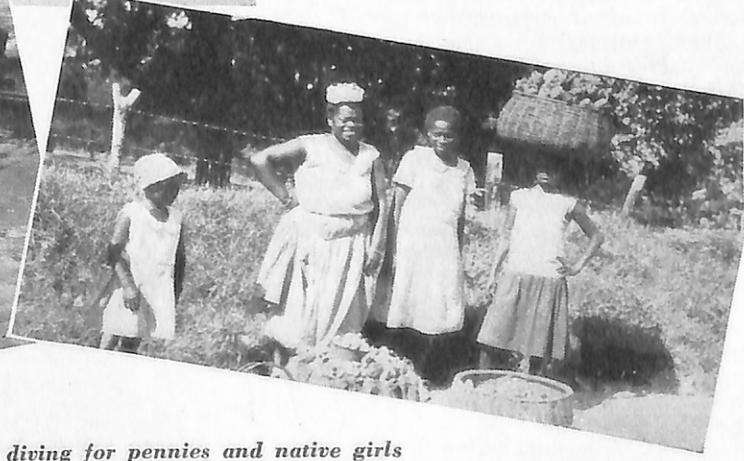
And it won't be big trouble at that, just a matter of getting a phony "outside" porter who is not allowed inside the train sheds or getting reamed by turning your baggage over to a "hotel baggage-master" with a brass plate on his cap which, on very close inspection, would turn out to carry no label whatever. The old coin-matching game is about the only standard gag which the con-men find it worth while to try on country cousins any more. And, significantly, this is the most flagrant example of swindling somebody by making him think he's swindling somebody else. There is no point in going into the laborious details of what is a very subtle and pretty performance, re-

quiring first-class character-acting and a sense of how to manage the shabbier and grabbier moods of the human animal which would do credit to Balzac himself. But it does start with the victim getting acquainted with an extremely simple-minded out-of-towner (fake) who tells a story about the mess he got into when he picked up a girl the other night. The victim chuckles with a second stranger over the simple stranger's greenness. Forty-five minutes later the victim, who thinks he has been helping fleece the simple stranger at coin- or bill-matching, discovers that both strangers walked out on him with a fair proportion of his ready cash in their possession. In other words, the modern country cousin can be taken in only by an appeal to his sense of knowing the answers, a sense which is quite as treacherous as the New Yorker's.

IT would be obviously absurd to claim that New York has a monopoly on suckers. Not so long ago a man was sitting in the lobby of a first-class New York hotel reading a newspaper when there approached a hurried and crisp-spoken stranger. "Sorry," said the stranger, "but I think you're sitting on my coat." The man rose hastily, apologized in some embarrassment and watched the stranger walk away with the coat over his arm. Just as the stranger disappeared through the revolving door that led out on to Forty-second Street, it came over the man like a blow on the head that the coat he had been sitting on was, incredible as it sounds, his own. There, of course, is a first-class and absolutely fool-proof racket. If it works, once in ten times, you can make a living and, when it fails, you have just made a mistake. This particular victim was an out-of-towner.

About the same period, the banquet department of another first-class New York hotel noticed a stranger wandering about the dining rooms and offices, but, being busy on their own concerns, paid little attention to him—he might be some new em-

(Continued on page 51)



These scenes of palms, boys diving for pennies and native girls going to market will become familiar sights to those going on the ELKS CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES ON MARCH 12

Lift Into Town

(Continued from page 9)

get a job, easy enough, she told herself; get a place of her own to live in, and send Sandy to a nursery school. But at the same time she couldn't actually conceive of anything happening, but that Bill would come in and get her and take her home again.

The woman fumbled in her handbag and brought out a cigarette case. The lid sprang back and she offered it to Dot. Dot refused and the man struck a match. In the spurt of light the case looked as though it were made of solid gold. She put her head against the seat again and closed her eyes and wondered about the woman. Gosh, she was one of the lucky ones, all right. She had everything—clothes, luxury, a car like this to travel in—nothing to hold her down. Probably the man with the diamond was her husband, and the little guy, kind of a chauffeur. Of course, the husband wasn't so much to look at, but that was it—he didn't shut her up in four walls where she had nothing but him to look at all the time.

Four walls—four walls. Bill was still asleep inside them with no idea in his head that she wasn't right there with him. And suddenly she remembered that she had snapped on the outside lights when she started out with the suitcase and the child, so they could see their way across to the dark shed where they kept the car. And she had left them on, too. She hoped Bill wouldn't be waked up by somebody wanting gas this time of night. He liked to open up early, instead of keeping open at night, because he said that gave him daylight to do his tinkering, before he had to get busy at the gas tank. He did quite a lot of repair work for people in town, and there were some who brought their cars from several miles away, so that Bill could work on them. So Bill got awfully tired by night, and sometimes he went to bed right after supper.

Well, Dot got up early, too. This morning she had fried a big mess of doughnuts before breakfast. City girls don't know anything about frying doughnuts, but the second summer they were married, when Bill's mother came to stay with them awhile, she had showed her how, and they were a good seller—fresh like that—at breakfast time. So that was why she was getting sleepy, too. She and Bill—both got up—too early. The last thing that she was conscious of was that they had turned

on the radio in the front seat and the muted sound of music flowed across her thoughts like water, washing them all out of her mind.

She woke gradually, with an awareness that Sandy had stirred in her lap and she must be careful not to change her position or she'd wake him. Then she became conscious that the woman had slid forward so that she was kneeling, with her arms resting on the back of the front seat, and the three were talking together in very low voices. The radio was still on, but turned low, and there was no music now, only a low, monotonous murmur—a man's voice saying something, repeating a lot of numbers and figures. Dot didn't pay much attention to it. But she heard the woman and the two men, and she listened to them.

The woman was whispering, "Well, it's a lousy trick. Maybe it was important—her getting to Buffalo tonight."

The larger man spoke softly, his eyes never leaving the road ahead of him. "The kid's gonna be valuable in a few minutes. We've gotta stop for gas pretty soon, and I don't want that kid to be overlooked. Marge can flash the light on in the back seat to look for something, when the guy comes around to the window for his dough. Only watch yourself that you don't wake 'em up. We want to hold onto 'em until we make this stop for gas, anyway. Got that down, Marge?"

"I got it down."

They stopped talking and the tiny radio voice droned on. Dot began to listen to it.

"Calling Dee-troit, hello, Dee-troit. 1935 Dodge coupe, Pennsylvania license A-3-6-9-8, traveling west, Route 40, pick up east of Detroit—Pennsylvania license A-3-6-9-8, Dodge coupe—Calling Buffalo, following up

on Erie robbery—"

"There it is again," said the fat man. They were silent.

"Sedan, dark-colored, Cadillac or La Salle, license number unknown, believed heading toward Buffalo, Route 20. Two men, one heavily built, dark complexion, second man smaller and lighter, one woman, blond, carrying valuables in car. Dark sedan, license unknown, heading toward Buffalo, two men, one woman—"

The tiny voice pricked through the fog of Dot's mind. She had not moved a muscle since she woke, and now she half sat, half lay against the back cushions, her body stiff and cramped with Sandy's weight and the effort to keep from moving.

"Turn it off," the woman said suddenly. "We heard enough."

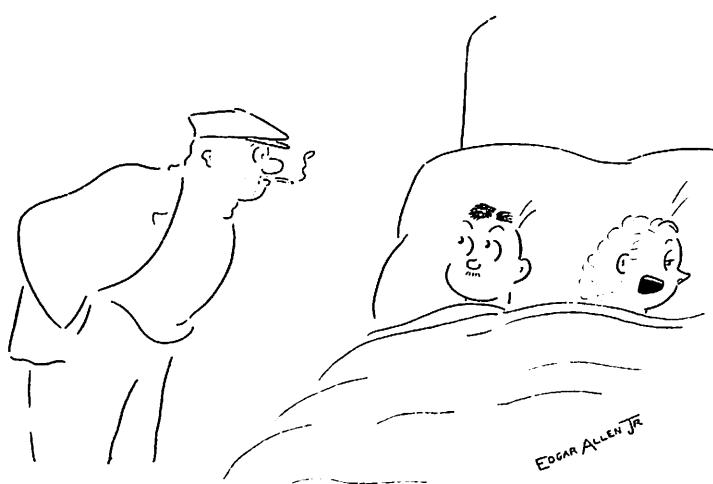
The little man leaned forward and clicked the button.

Two miles perhaps went by in silence. Then the fat man began to swear softly into his coat collar. "Something always happens. It's going to take Buck plenty long to forget what he did taking the Chevvie tonight and leaving this hearse for us. God—he knew we had a job on our hands! If we'd had the Chevvie now we wouldn't have been picked up. Besides, I told you we hadn't oughta take the stuff straight into Buffalo. Let 'em wait till it cools off—"

"Save it, save it," said the little man under his breath. "You got plenty of time to bellyache later on when you know how many ears are flapping."

Never in her life had Dot so longed for Bill as she did that moment. She felt helpless and alone and sick with responsibility. She had gotten not only herself into this mess, but her baby, too. Of course, she never would have been invited to go along if it hadn't been for Sandy. Sandy was the blind. They weren't two men and a blond woman traveling in a dark sedan any more—they were two couples with a baby.

And nobody knew how it would turn out. She had read too many stories where innocent people had been done away with simply because they knew too much. It seemed to her that her only chance was in keeping absolutely still till they stopped for gas. Maybe she could make a dash for it, and with people around they wouldn't dare prevent it. Although it wasn't likely they'd stop in any populated place—



"What makes you think I didn't lock the back door?"

they'd pick some small-town station on the outskirts of nowhere, with only one guy on hand.

Now there was something about the road that began to seem queer to her. She had been over this road with Bill several times in the past four years and she knew that by now, at this speed, even if she had slept only twenty minutes or so, they should be hitting a more metropolitan district. There should have been some crossings with traffic lights. But they seemed to be on a two-lane dirt road now, narrow and curving, and so dark she couldn't pick out any landmarks on it. She got a panicky feeling in her stomach. They certainly weren't taking her to Buffalo. And then, gradually, without any landmark, but with a growing feeling of familiarity around her, she began to sense where they were.

They were on a dirt country road that ran parallel to the highway and very soon they would come to the dairy farm where Kathy Jason worked. Only they weren't heading toward Buffalo at all, but away from it! The sudden, complete turn-around

in her mind from the direction in which she had imagined them to be going, made her head spin. But that was it, all right—there was the big cow barn showing dark against the sky. It must have been while she was asleep that they had gotten the radio warning and doubled back on the parallel road.

Just beyond the farm was a crossroad. Ahead, the roadbed was bad and overgrown. They were almost certain to take the left turn that led straight into town and if they did that—her heart began to thump at the thought—they'd have to go through the town and three and a half miles out the other side to the junction before they could cut back into the country again. And at the junction were home and safety.

They hit the crossroad and turned left. Ten minutes later they crossed the railroad tracks and she could see the lighted sign of Doc Tetlow's drug store.

The fat man said in a low voice, "Gonna make your stop here?"

The driver shook his head. "Not so good. Here's where we picked up the dame."

Suddenly Dot knew that she had to act right now or sit back and take what was coming to her. They would

drive through this town and out of it. They would drive at sixty miles an hour past Bill and he would never know it, and after that she'd be beyond his help and everyone's else. Without any clear idea of what she meant to do, she gave Sandy's soft little thigh a sharp pinch. He let out a sleepy yelp, sat up and began to whimper. At the same time Dot straightened up, as though she, too, were just rousing out of sleep.

The woman sat back at once and pulled the rug up over them both. "Had a good sleep, dearie? We'll be there pretty soon now. How's

—if only nothing had happened to wake up Bill so that he had turned off the lights downstairs. That same switch that she had snapped as she went out turned on the sign, "Bill's Place", too. But of course they couldn't be turned off! Because if somebody had waked up Bill, he'd stay awake, finding that empty bed beside him, Sandy's bed empty—

The lights were on. It was all she could do to choke back her voice, to keep from saying—There's a place. There's a place that's open! To let the woman say it instead.

"There's a place ahead. Looks open."

The fat man leaned toward the driver and said something that Dot couldn't hear. She held her breath and caught a few words of the reply.

"Let her take him in. Get a good look at the kid."

The car began to slow down. The next instant it eased to a stop beside one of Bill's two gas pumps. No one was in sight. Upstairs she could see from the dimly lighted window that the bedside lamp was still burning. Bill must be just where she had left him two

hours ago, an eternity ago.

Before anyone could speak, before they could look around for an attendant, she had opened the door, and carrying Sandy clutched against her, his legs dangling against her knees, she was running toward the little side door marked LADIES. Inside that was another door that opened onto a flight of stairs up to her own little sitting-room. As she sped up those stairs, she was thinking of only one thing—the gun in the table drawer beside Bill's bed. In Sandy's room she dropped him into his crib and thrust open the door into the bedroom.

He had turned from his left side to his right side. That was all. She flung herself down beside him and shook him by the shoulders.

"Bill. Wake up, wake up, Bill." He opened his eyes and looked up at her dazedly.

"Bill, listen. Listen to me. There's a bunch of crooks downstairs. Bill—are you listening? You've got to get them!"

Downstairs they had begun to honk. Two short, impatient honks. If she didn't come back in a moment they'd get suspicious and they'd send the woman in after her. Because if somebody didn't show up to

INFORMATION



"Pardon me, Madame—where is Track 13?"

the little fellow?" She smiled then.

Dot was soothing Sandy, holding him close against her. They were on the other side of the town now, and speeding up again as they came out onto the highway.

"I'm afraid," she said shakily, "I'll have to stop a minute with the baby. Do you think we could find a place I could take him in for a second? I mean—it's quite a long way yet before we get to Buffalo, isn't it?"

"Why—" the woman began, and then she spoke to the men in the front seat. "You fellows are planning to stop for gas pretty soon, aren't you?"

The fat man glanced uneasily toward the back and turned to the driver.

"After a while," the little man said, and kept on driving.

Sandy's whimper settled into a good cry. Above it, Dot spoke more steadily. "I'm afraid he'll be like this until we stop. If you could make it soon, I could settle him down again."

"Okay," the driver said. "First good place we see that's open."

She wanted to shout out—watch out on the right-hand side no more than a mile down the road. If only

give them gas they'd have to get it farther on, and they meant to hold on to her and Sandy till after that.

Bill was sitting up now, shoving his legs into trousers, his feet into shoes. She must have looked funny to him, standing there with her hat and coat on, holding out his gun. He was looking at her strangely. From the inside room Sandy's voice was raised in an outraged wail. Bill just stood there staring at her as though she were a stranger.

She said wildly, "You've got to get them, Bill, or they'll come in after me! They won't go away, I tell you!"

"What's it all about, Dot? What are crooks wanting with you?"

"Please, Bill. We can talk later! I'll tell you everything. Only now you've got to do something!"

Outside they had begun to honk again. Now they must think something was funny. Suppose they came right in after her, and up the stairs—suppose they picked up Sandy out of his crib—Sandy was the one they wanted, a baby was swell protection—

"What do you want me to do?" Bill was saying in that maddening, slow, reasonable voice. "What have they done that you know they're crooks? It sounds cockeyed—"

She had to jog him out of it—get him good and mad. When he was mad he'd do anything—like the time the fellow had tried to drive away without paying for a tankful of gas, and Bill had hopped on the running-board, reached in and switched off the engine and smashed his fist into the guy's face, all before he got out of the driveway.

Sandy's wail rose louder. She said suddenly, "They tried to kidnap Sandy. Sandy and me. They wanted us for protection!"

Bill stared at her. "Tried to kidnap you—how?"

"It's true—you've got to believe me. Gee—you don't think I'm kidding, do you? I've been scared out of my life, and Sandy, too. Listen to him!"

She felt tears coming into her eyes and she didn't care if he saw them now. Without another word he took the gun from her and she heard him clattering down the stairs. For a moment she stood there thinking crazily—I've sent him down to be killed. There are three of them

and they've got guns, too. Of course they have. Oh, Bill! Then she snapped off the light and went to the window. She could see the roof of the car and Bill walking up to it.

She heard the small man's voice, short, irritated. "Fill it up. We haven't got all night."

But Bill, standing with one foot on the running-board, didn't move. He said in a queer, tight voice, "There's no hurry. You've got plenty of time."

There was a short silence. Now, she thought, they're looking at the gun. Now they're knowing there's trouble.

"Come on. Get out of the car," Bill said.

She heard the fat man's voice, whining, "What's the idea? We

"All right, Dot," Bill said in a louder voice. "Come on down now."

He had the three of them lined up in the kitchen. Dot didn't want to look at the woman. After that ride together, with Sandy between them, it made her feel funny.

"Go ahead," Bill said. "Use the telephone, can't you? This is no picnic for me."

Dot went to the telephone. She called the Dunkirk police. "There's two men," she said. "Get here as quick as you can." And she added, her voice lifting a little, "My husband's holding them, alone."

Putting down the telephone, she looked at the woman. "I didn't say anything about you. I'd rather you got out of it."

The woman stared at her. Then she laughed. "Me? Get out of it? Fat chance I got getting out of anything."

"I wouldn't say a word," Dot said. "And Bill won't. We'd be the only ones to know. You could go right now." She looked pleadingly to Bill. "She was awfully nice to Sandy."

The small man spoke. "You little sap," he said contemptuously.

The woman leaned against the sink as though she were tired. "He's my boy-friend," she told them. "What traveling we do, we do together. That is—when he don't get careless and leave me around places."

"Oh," Dot said. "I understand."

Well—gee, I'm sorry."

The fat man yawned and looked at the diamond on his pudgy hand.

"Women make me sick. This is the kind of thing happens. Marge was the one—"

"Save it, save it," said the little man. "We got friends after we get away from these poor hicks—"

"Poor hicks. Poor hicks," said the woman. Dot couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying. "I notice you're not doing any getting away, though. What getting away from here you'll do, will be escorted away. Sure—poor hicks, all right, but they tangled you up plenty!"

"Any sap can hold a gun."

"Well, I wish I had one like him!" the woman screamed. "A sap like him would be something to hold on to. She doesn't have to worry about where she's going from here. She's the lucky one—she's got everything—"

Dot saw her looking at Bill. It made her feel queer the way the



"See—I told you those other plants would object to the onions!"

haven't done anything to you." And the other voice, sharper, "Put that thing away. You don't want to get hurt."

"Get out of the car," Bill said in that same queer, choked voice.

At that moment Dot saw the woman running across the gravel from the door through which she and Sandy had disappeared.

"Something's funny," the woman was whimpering. "They're gone—the kid and the dame—"

The next thing happened so fast that Dot hardly saw it. The car suddenly jerked forward, the gravel slurring under the wheels. At the same instant, the gun went off, a loud, clear, shockingly definite sound in the blur of noises around it. There was a sickening sound from an expiring tire, and the car lurched to a halt half way onto the road.

She heard the smaller man say disgustedly, "Come on, he's a nut. He's crazy. You can't argue with him."

woman looked at Bill, as though he were something wonderful. Why, Bill was just that big guy there, with the freckled face and his hair standing on end, and his pajama pants hanging down under his trousers. She hadn't told him anything yet, he didn't know what it was all about, but he stood there like

a rock, and suddenly she could just kind of relax and let him do the worrying. Money in the bank. She had everything.

There was a sound on the stairs behind her, and then the door opened and Sandy walked in, blinking, his small, round face angry and bewildered.

"Oh, heavens," said Dot, and stooped and scooped him up. "I'll have to put him to bed. You see—" she gave the woman a faint, apologetic smile, as though she were excusing herself to a sympathetic caller, "he's had quite an upset evening, and I guess he needs his sleep."

Your Husband is in Town

(Continued from page 17)

I finally got wise to myself and gave him the air. As soon as I got rid of him I started for the top. And no one is going to drag me down again."

"Miss Stuart, I didn't come here to drag you down. I came here to lift up Lee Mark . . . to ask November to give him a chance to sing here."

"You don't think Sim is crazy enough to do that! This isn't an old-timer's benefit."

"I'm not asking for a benefit. Lee's got the swellest voice in the show business. He had a fine voice when you were in kindergarten."

"I never went to kindergarten."

"Were the entrance exams too difficult?"

She looked at me with blazing eyes, and the eyes of Sallie Stuart, when they are blazing, are gorgeous to see. I expected a smart slap, or at least a swift, decisive kick in the pants.

"There's nothing more disgusting," she observed icily, "than a sap trying to talk like a wise guy."

"Miss Stuart," I said, as firmly as I could, "I don't know how he sang when you were his partner. Maybe he loved you so much that he sang like a rooster. But today when he sings a Tin Pan Alley steal he makes it sound like Heifetz playing a masterpiece."

"Come with me tomorrow evening! Dine with me at Chez Luis—at my expense. He sings behind a screen. He won't see you. You won't see him. If he's as good as I say, tell that great patron of the arts, Sim November. If he isn't—you pay for the dinner."

Sallie Stuart looked straight into my eyes. "Why try to unscramble eggs . . . re-open a chapter forever closed?"

"Are you talking about eggs or books?"

"Furthermore," she continued, as though I hadn't spoken, "I don't like cheap French Restaurants and pathetic has-beens. No one has ever helped me. In this racket—those who are on top have hacked their way there through the bleeding bodies of their competitors."

"Miss Stuart, you speak with a power. . . ."

"Don't interrupt me!" she commanded. "The world knows me as Sallie Stuart—the beautiful, hard-boiled star. No husband. No lover. I'm going into pictures next month. I can't afford to endure even the slightest murmur of scandal . . . so I will meet you tomorrow evening at eight o'clock sharp . . . in Chez Luis . . . you to pay the bill."

She swept out of the office with a flashing smile.

November came back with twice his previous scowl. "Unfortunately," he growled, "I see you're still alive."

"I hear the beating of great wings," I countered, "and the golden blare of distant trumpets. Tomorrow morning you get the proofs for your

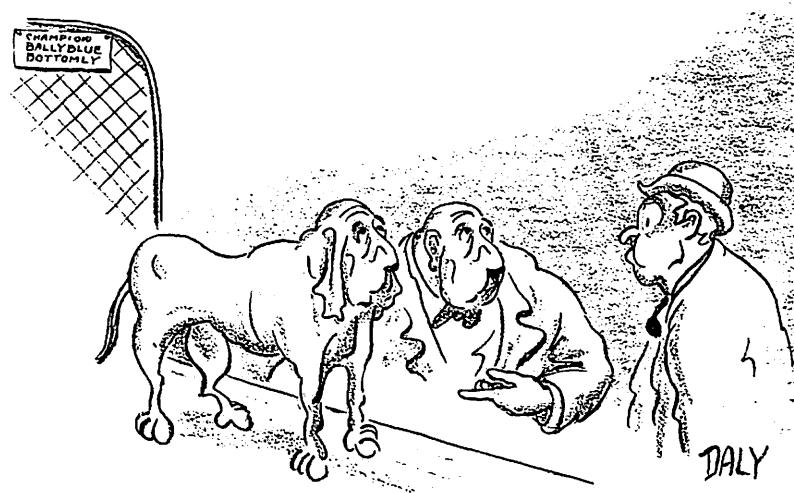
new folder. Fortunately, you're too ignorant to tell whether there are any errors or not."

"Cocky, aren't you? Just because Sallie Stuart spoke to you . . . alone . . . for fifteen minutes. Did she spit in your eye?"

The next day I walked about in a sort of delicious stupor. The printer didn't have the proofs of the Caliente job ready, so I didn't have to see November. My only other customer was out when I called, or else his secretary was a liar. So I had a whole, long day to dwell upon and to anticipate the evening's drama.

Should I wear my dinner jacket? I knew I should, but if I did it would only make our table more conspicuous. Chez Luis didn't go in for formal wear. I had to make a choice so I chose the blue sack suit. The other suit was at the cleaner's. The leaden hours seemed to crawl, seemed to go backwards. By six o'clock I was seen walking up and down the boulevard of the eight-course dinners. I even had a highball at that world-celebrated bar near Fifth Avenue, and the price of that single drink was more than the cost of an entire Luis dinner.

At two minutes to eight I stood before Chez Luis. I looked at each limousine that passed, straightened as I saw a huge, gray car pull to the curb. But there was no one in it except the chauffeur, who began reading a newspaper as Sallie Stuart touched my arm. She had walked. She was dressed in a tailor-made suit of blue tweed and, carelessly thrown over one shoulder, was a two thousand-dollar sable neckpiece. She wore a thirty-carat diamond ring. Otherwise you'd think she



"Sell him? Why that would be like selling my own brother!"

was just a pretty girl, maybe a classy secretary.

"I always keep my appointments," she said, looking at her diamond-studded wrist watch. "It is now eight o'clock."

A number of pretty speeches which I had memorized failed to rise to the surface so I said nothing except a muffled "how-do-you-do?"

I escorted her through a narrow hall into the dining-room and then to my table which, fortunately, was placed in a cozy window niche. You couldn't even see the screen from where I sat. She sat with her back to the audience and her face was almost hidden except when, from time to time, she would turn and face back with the swift dart of a swallow.

"There are no menu cards here but I'll tell you just what they've got."

"Nothing for me except coffee," she answered. "I had my dinner long ago."

"As you like," I agreed. No gentleman would urge a lady to eat against her will. My waiter, with his customary efficiency, had brought the massive soup tureen over to my table and two soup plates. I explained the situation to him. With a shrug of the shoulder, he filled my bowl with onion soup *de luxe*, as Luis called it. It was embarrassing to me to sit there eating alone. Somehow the soup tasted tenth-rate, and the other seven courses without savor. One by one, I motioned the waiter to carry them away.

"Is anything the matter?" he inquired. "Usually you order double portions."

Sallie Stuart hardly spoke a word. She didn't try to put me at ease; she didn't try to make it harder. Her mind seemed many thousands of miles away and her eyes, too, had a long-distance look. Finally Joe Fink pulled out his piano and struck a few bars. Sallie turned to give him a hasty once-over.

"What does that monkey do?" she questioned.

"Wait till you hear him, Miss Stuart. He murders a piano like nobody's business."

Joe got into his stride with one of his complicated numbers. He had a genius for almost concealing the melody under an elaborate network of his own notes.

"Not bad," Miss Stuart commented. "With a little more skill he would have entirely eliminated the original tune."

"He's still a kid, studying hard," I defended him. "In a few years Joe Fink will be able to play popular pieces so cleverly that not even the composers will be aware that their music is being played."

I had arranged that Lee Mark's first song would be "Please Remain". At eight-thirty Joe began the introduction. And presently the voice of Lee Mark rose, above the crash of dishes, the fat conversations of the diners. I looked at Sallie Stuart. The

blood rushed to her pale, sweet face as the rich, husky music filled the room. She uttered a queer sigh and closed her eyes. As always, under the magic of that voice, the room had become still, the diners wrapt in thought. When the song ended there was that definite heart-felt applause which audiences the world over award to the artist who touches their souls.

There was a tear in Sallie's blue eyes. "It was wonderful," she said softly. "He's got something now he never had before. Or maybe it's only when he sings that particular song. There are some singers who render one piece superbly and flop on everything else."

"Wait till you hear his next, Miss Stuart. He hasn't started yet."

"I've got just a few minutes left," she said.

Joe started another. It was "Alone". It seemed to me that he sang this even better than the first. That guy can break your heart. The applause that followed was louder than before.

"Am I right, Miss Stuart?"

"Right? I'll say so. He's got the goods and when I say that, I've said the utmost."

Lee was singing again. This time a bawdy, hard-boiled number, without sentiment or tear jerkers. It also went over big.

Sallie rose to go.

"Don't you want to see him, Miss Stuart?"

"No . . . no . . ." she implored, "please don't ask me to."

"But what about asking Sim November to give him a chance?"

"I'll have to think about that," she said slowly.

"You can't let him down now," I insisted.

"Why can't I?" she asked. "I have no scruples."

"This man," I stoutly maintained, "was your husband, still is; he loved you; he loves you now."

"Don't shout so loud!" Miss Stuart admonished. "I'm going."

"Miss Stuart, if you don't promise to ask Sim I'll bring Lee out here right now."

"You couldn't do that," she declared.

"I have no scruples either. Unless you agree, right now, Miss Stuart, I'll report this incident to every columnist in town."

"Sh . . . sh . . . sh . . ." she shushed. "not so loud. I promise, you rat. I promise."

"Make it on the Saturday night—two weeks from the day you leave for Hollywood. November is to present Lee cold. No announcement in the press. Just a little addition to the regular program. If he's a flop he goes back to this out-house."

"Suppose he makes good!" she pondered.

"You wouldn't begrudge him his success, Miss Stuart?"

"No, I wouldn't. I don't begrudge anyone's success. If you've got it you deserve it. That's my motto."

I'm only concerned over my success. You needn't worry about Sim. He'll do just as I tell him."

I escorted her to the street and hailed a cab, put her into it.

"You are hard-boiled," I said, "but if you break the shell of a hard-boiled egg, what do you find?"

"A hard-boiled egg," she replied, closing the door.

When I returned to the place my waiter asked me if I were feeling better.

"Quite," I replied.

"I'm glad of that," he cheerfully declared. "I was worried . . . you never failed to tip me before."

Lee Mark was drinking coffee at his little table behind the screen. I sat down across from him.

"How would you like to sing at The Caliente?" I queried in a nonchalant voice.

"How would you like to be in the White House?"

"Never mind what I like, answer my question!"

"Not a chance in a million. The Caliente must have big names . . . you should know that."

"Like Sallie Stuart?"

He never batted an eyelash. "Yes, like Sallie Stuart . . . Rudy Vallee . . . Bing Crosby . . . the very biggest."

"You're just as good as they are."

"You think so—I think so, but no one else of importance does."

"But they will. I'm getting you a break. In a couple of weeks from now, November is going to put you on. Try you out. If you're as good as we think you are here . . . your future is made. I'll tell you the exact night."

He shook his head wearily. "On that same night you'll be installed in the White House."

I tried to be impressive as I slowly, carefully, repeated my prophecy. He was peeved this time. "I've always thought you were somewhat queer," he asserted. "Now I know it. Mister, I don't mind a little kidding. I've been kidded by masters of the art. You see these gray hairs? Kidders put them there. One kidder, in particular, ruined my life. So, if you don't mind, I'd rather not be kidded by you."

It took me three nights in a row, and a note from Sim November, to convince Lee that I wasn't kidding. My explanation was that Sim was a friend of mine and was doing this as a favor to me.

True to her word, Sallie Stuart arranged everything. November yielded to her. The date was set for a Saturday night, two weeks after Sallie's final appearance. The plan was to have the orchestra leader announce a special feature. No other publicity. Presented cold . . . at 9:30 p. m.

On that night of nights I wore my dinner jacket, a white carnation and a snowy linen handkerchief stuck in my coat pocket. I looked swell. Sim was good enough to place me at a

(Continued on page 48)

A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR
AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE
A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly “Sent Out” by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

Not a “Gadget”— Not a “Knick-Knack”—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. “Selling” is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to “force” a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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Your Husband is in Town

(Continued from page 46)

table with a delegation of Michigan soap-makers seated at the last table in the back, behind a post. But I didn't mind, and they accepted me with stoic fatalism.

Ben Meeker's wonderful orchestra supplied the music. And what an orchestra! Most of the boys in it had played in the great Philharmonic bands and were the cream of the profession. And the floor show was swell, too. Everything top notch. I suddenly realized that Sim November was not the gorilla I always thought he was. A man who could assemble all that talent and beauty had something in him.

At nine-thirty, most of the customers—and there were almost two thousand of them—had finished their dinners and were in the mood for song and dance.

Lee Mark stepped from somewhere and stood before the orchestra. Meeker lifted his baton. The strings and oboes softly intoned the introduction. Lee looked at the leader and began his song, "Please Remain".

If Lee's voice sounded so grand at Chez Luis, in this place it sounded a thousand times better.

The Michigan soap-makers became still. Even the waiters stopped to listen. As Sim said afterwards, "Der wasn't a dry seat in the house."

Deafening applause followed the finish of the melody. Loud, insistent, repeated applause. The kind that can't be denied. He sang two encores. Each one was a hit. Not just a hit, but a smash hit.

When America's foremost columnist, in the middle of the third number, dashed out to telephone, I knew a miracle had happened.

The rest is Broadway history. Lee was held over another week, then for six weeks more, with his name written in electric letters across the main entrance. Pretty soon he was getting fat radio engagements, and musical comedy producers were fighting for his services.

Naturally, I hung around The Caliente, was there almost every night. Put it on the cuff, at Sim's suggestion.

Lee had a little dressing room all for

himself and I was lying on his couch one night, thinking what a wonderful fellow I was, when someone quietly entered the room. I looked up, then sprang to my feet.

"My goodness, Miss Stuart! I thought you were in Hollywood."

"I am," she replied. "I'm supposed to be, but took the plane for New York early this morning . . . am going back tonight."

"That's going some!" I observed. "I suppose you're looking for Lee?"

"Guess again!"

"He'll be right back—just went downstairs to the orchestra room."

"I'm here to see Sim November. No one can get the better of me. The skunk gypped me out of \$63.89."

"But it costs a great deal more than that to take that plane trip," I observed.

"There's a principle involved. You wouldn't understand. Besides . . ."

At that instant Lee entered the room. If he was surprised, he didn't show it.

"How are you, Sallie?" he said, pleasantly, not even inquiring how she could be here when she was supposed to be in California.

"I'm swell." She looked at him, her eyes softening. "So are you."

I moved reluctantly to the door. "Wait outside for me," said Lee. So I waited. In fact I waited right at the door, overhearing everything that was going on in that dressing room. Even before I was entirely out she was in his arms.

There was a long silence.

Then I heard her say, "I could have forgiven everything . . . but that Spanish dancer."

"I didn't care for her, Sallie. Honest, I didn't."

"But you certainly cared for that monkey in the sister act."

"Just someone to talk to . . . while waiting for you."

"Honey, do you mean it?" Her voice was poignant, girlish. There was that long silence again.

Then they both came out of the door . . . as though nothing had happened.

"You still here?" she said, pleasantly, to me, looking at her wrist watch.

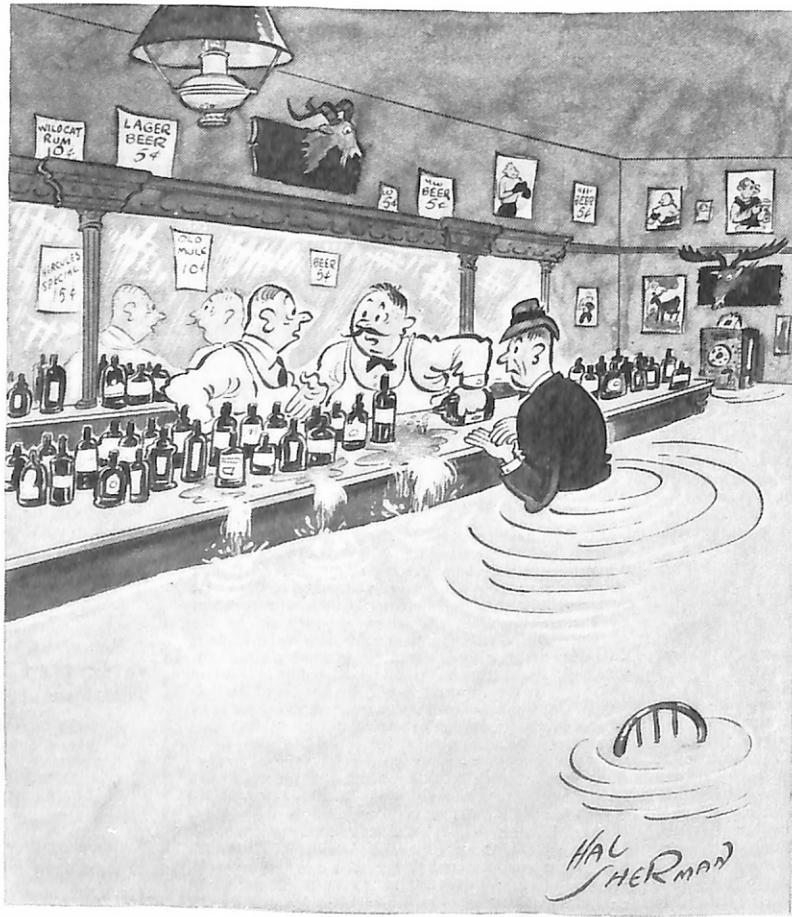
"I must catch my plane." Her voice was now brisk, businesslike. "Tell Sim why I called and tell him to mail the check. I'll be in New York again in August. I get a three weeks' vacation between pictures and," she looked at her husband with adoring eyes, "if you care to come and visit me, I'll be staying at my country home near Mt. Kisco. You can't miss it. It's the largest place in Westchester. The palooka who built it spent two million dollars on it. I got it at a bargain—a foreclosure—for one hundred grand. What do you say, Kid?"

"By a strange coincidence," he answered, "I get a little vacation at just about that time. Count on me. Not only for this, but for everything."

He clasped her in his arms. And she did quite a bit of clasping herself. Then she dashed away. Planes don't wait.

"The show business is a funny world," he said pensively to me as she vanished down the hall. "You're lucky to be in a real substantial profession . . . where everything is set . . . where you know what's going to happen tomorrow."

I didn't say anything. What was the use?



"He won't say, 'When'!"

... it must be Love

(Continued from page 21)

in Boston. So he had eight stitches taken in the damaged beak and returned to the ice for the next period.

When he was given his release by the Rangers last season, Johnson should have been satisfied to retire with his life and a distinguished career. In more than twenty years of hand-to-hand fighting, he had experienced every thrill and honor his game could offer. He had been in the Stanley Cup play-offs, the World Series of hockey, and had played on the world championship team. He had been selected for several All-Star teams. He had been one of the highest-paid performers. Yet when the New York Americans offered Johnson a contract early this season, the middle-aged gent came a-running, neighing and snorting like an old fire-horse for the harness.

There have been hundreds of Ching Johnsons in professional hockey. Heroics which would be immortalized as supreme manifestations of courage and gallantry under fire elsewhere, are taken casually—even for granted—by the men who chase the puck for a living, and a pretty poor one at that, judged by prevailing wage scales in other sports.

Did you ever hear tell for instance, of Pete Lepine, who has had both legs broken and once ruptured a blood vessel which required one hundred and two stitches—that's right, one hundred and two stitches—to save his life? He was out for nine weeks, then went back to carry on as recklessly as ever. Or of Helge Bostrom, who had one hundred stitches taken in his Achilles tendon several years ago and is still playing minor league hockey for Kansas City in the American Association? Maybe you did; probably not. Yet if Dizzy Dean has a hang-nail, Donald Budge has a bellyache or the second-string tackle of a major college football team develops housemaid's knee, it immediately becomes headline news.

The list of hockey players who have suffered shocking, near-fatal injuries and have lived to return to the arena is as long as your arm. Thirteen years ago Shorty Green of the Americans sustained a laceration of the kidney when big Taffy Abel fell on top of him. Green was in such a critical condition that the last rites were administered to him. He is still playing in a minor league for coffee-and-cake money.

Gordon Pettinger of the Detroit Red Wings had his face slashed so badly in a game with the Toronto Leafs last year that eight stitches were needed to close the wound. He returned to the game in the same



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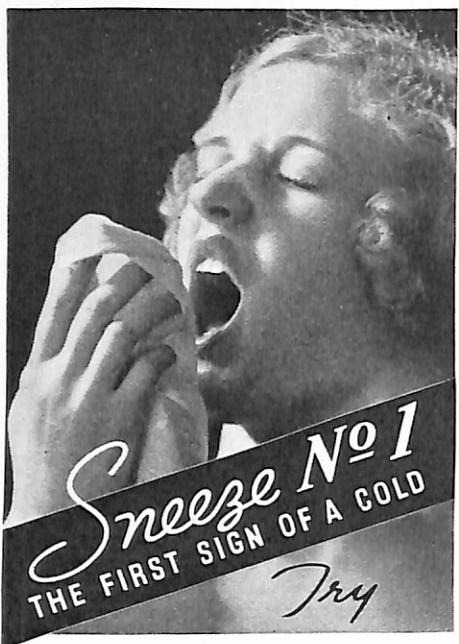
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period and ten minutes later scored the goal which sent the Red Wings into a tie for first place in the American Division, a position they never relinquished.

Four years ago Ace Bailey was body-checked by Eddie Shore, crashed heavily to the ice and fractured his skull. For six weeks his life hung by the merest thread and his eventual recovery was hailed as a minor miracle. He was, of course, through with hockey. Or so they thought. Bailey now is coaching the Toronto University team, as vitally interested in the game which almost cost him his life as he ever was.

NELS CRUTCHFIELD sustained a severe concussion in an automobile accident two years ago. He, too, was supposed to be through for all time. But the hockey fever has gripped him again and he is practicing with amateurs in Montreal preparatory to a come-back.

There is scarcely a pro player in the game any length of time who has not had a disabling injury, and a dressing room before and after a game looks like nothing so much as a field hospital behind the front-line trenches. A typical case history would read along the lines of Charley Conacher's: blood-poisoning from a skate puncture; broken wrist; both hands broken; broken collarbone; broken shoulder; any number of bone bruises, lacerations, torn ligaments, sprains. For nine straight seasons Conacher has had a painful

misery, but does he ever contemplate another occupation? The silence is deafening.

DOES this gory recital bore you? Hockey fans dearly love it. The good citizens of Montreal demand "red ice", accuse the players of accepting money under false pretenses if they don't get it. Incidentally, the only two rinks in the major leagues used by two teams for home games are located directly across the street from hospitals. Madison Square Garden, shared by the Rangers and Americans in New York, faces Poly-clinic Hospital, and Western Hospital in Montreal is a few steps from the Forum, the abattoir of the Canadians and Maroons. It is not quite clear whether the hospitals or the rinks were built first, but the proximity is significant. One hockey team assures a hospital of brisk business during the winter; two teams are a cinch to wipe out red ink with red blood.

There must be some fascination which draws men irresistibly to hockey and holds them, year after year, to the most hazardous game in the sports curriculum. Perhaps there are dare-devils, like our Mr. Johnson, who revel in the shocking body contact, the breakneck speed and ever present element of danger in every scrimmage and excursion down the ice. Yet that would not offer an adequate explanation for the imposing list of men who have played while suffering agonizing, bodily pain.



"He learned that trick while he was with the circus!"

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Surely the pay is not the big attraction. The average salary received by a major league performer for five months' work is in the neighborhood of \$3,000—a figure which would be considered a mortal affront if it were offered to any self-respecting baseball player with a few seasons in the National or American League behind him.

"When I see what these hockey guys go through," Frank Frisch, manager of the St. Louis Cards and an incredulous hockey fan, has said, "some ball players should be ashamed to take their money. If we had to take the punishment they dish out on the ice for the dough they get, baseball wouldn't be cluttered up with so many prima donnas."

Compared with other professional athletes, the hockey people are practically in the class of coolie labor. That, to be sure, is unfortunate, but little can be done about it because the traffic cannot carry a heavier load. Since the game is played indoors, crowds are rigidly restricted and an attendance of more than 15,000 customers is close to a capacity house. Although the players are actively engaged in the hockey business for five months of the year, their schedule calls for only forty-eight games in contrast to the one hundred and fifty-four games a baseball team plays. Traveling expenses are heavy, the overhead is high and it's just a player's tough luck that his chosen profession cannot pay off more handsomely.

Recognition of the facts of life still does not explain why an inoculation of the hockey bug usually is fatal. To some, the game is a living—although there are many more ways of making a better living with much less effort. The theory of stern necessity collapses with a reverberating thud, however, under the weight of accumulated evidence.

The Brothers Cook, Bill and Bun, own the largest wheat farm in Ontario, and are independently wealthy. But Bill manages the Cleveland team, Bun is pilot of the Springfield

team and both, in their late thirties, play an occasional game.

Several years ago Red Dutton inherited \$100,000 from an aunt. In addition, he has an extremely profitable contracting business and does much work for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. So Dutton blithely continued to play until two seasons ago and now can be seen throwing a conniption fit when the referee calls one against his Americans, which he manages.

Clem Loughlin announced he was through with hockey when he resigned as manager of the Chicago Black Hawks last year. He would, he asserted, retire to a life of ease on his farm and watch nature do all the work for him. But the fever is upon him again and he's managing an amateur team in Canada, just for the hell of it.

They do say that Tiny Thompson, the great goalie of the Boston Bruins, could be a major league baseball star. Three years ago his Calgary Pucksters, a ball team composed entirely of professional hockey players, won ninety out of ninety-eight games while playing in three leagues at the same time. Thompson was offered more money to play first base for Minneapolis than he was getting for facing a barrage of flying pucks and skates in the Boston nets. He also was assured that he shortly would be drawing those enchanting pay checks major-leaguers get twice a month. Thompson laughed off the offer, preferred to get his lumps and modest salary in hockey.

The man, you may say, was crazy. Ching Johnson was crazy, any number of people are crazy—about playing hockey. And here we are, at the end of our story, with nothing more than a few shreds of evidence to support a broad, cosmic truth which was proved long ago. Love does strange things to men. According to an impassioned torch-song of recent vintage, "It takes you and breaks you and then, my dear, forsakes you. Life is like that—what can you do?" Hockey, too.

Wooden Nickels

(Continued from page 41)

ployee and in any case was doing no harm. Toward the end of the day, however, the manager went up and asked him who he was and what he was doing there.

"Doing here?" said the stranger, ruffling up. "Why, I'm the new manager in this department." It developed in questioning that this sanguine gentleman had just paid a perfect stranger \$250 for the job of being manager of the hotel's banquet department. Any doubts Mr. Sucker had ever had about this stranger's being the hotel's personnel manager had been dispelled the day before

when he had received Mr. Sucker in a secluded corner of the lobby, in his shirtsleeves. This victim was a New Yorker.

Or perhaps the recent classic was the shrewd promoter who sold another New Yorker a concession to use the information booth in the Grand Central Terminal as a fruit stand. There are still ten or a dozen of those gentry hanging around in New York railroad stations every day. But they're probably not looking for country cousins with hayseed in their hair. They are doing all right with gullible New Yorkers, thank you.

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 20)

glish-educated Spanish adventurer, and Toby Manning, a British toy salesman, running wild in South America and Mexico. There is an attempt to build a monastery of honorable men who don't love money in it, too, but that part doesn't seem very successful. When the characters start to throw plates in a Valparaiso restaurant, they live up to the best traditions of the custard-pie era of the movies. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"THE SIMPLE WAY OF POISON" by Leslie Ford strikes me as one of the best mystery yarns of the hour, chiefly because the author develops her characters fully and makes all the men and women interesting. The story deals with the antagonisms among a number of women after Randall Nash has married Iris without telling her that he had a grown daughter, Lowell. Nash dies of poison soon after and the women look daggers and talk worse. Well put together, this tale, with no detective lording it over everybody. (Farrar & Rinehart)

NEGLEY FARSON IN SOUTH AMERICA

REMEMBER Negley Farson? The lad who transgressed so much and so often—in Russia, Germany, Egypt, England, even in the United States? Of course we remember, since "The Way of a Transgressor" is still popular reading. Negley Farson has written a new one, "Transgressor in the Tropics", this time cavorting all over Central and South America, the Spanish main, Panama, Cartagena, the war front in Ecuador, discovering traces of dictators, militarism, shoddy bars, bombs, and also discovering the disconcerting truth that Latin American countries have no night life.

He is more of an observer, less of an actor in this new book; his own transgressions are innocent enough, though he lands in jail at Colon for a row with a taxi driver. He has a hectic talk with Dr. Alfonso Lopez, President of Colombia and his cabinet of young men; he finds a bull fighter in Quito, also an American, takes a look at the peonage system of the Andes, which keeps the Indians wretched slaves; he shivers during the rainy season at Guayaquil, "the pest-hole of the Pacific", where he found mud and rats and mosquitoes and flying cockroaches two inches long. He gives a quick, spirited, readable account of what meets the traveler's eye and ear in these lands with intimacies and incongruities of human behavior—but his personal transgression remains little enough. His days of wild oats are over. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN BAGDAD

FREYA STARK is an extraordinary and unusual Englishwoman—she enjoys the plain people of oriental nations and likes to meet them on their own ground. Most Englishwomen don't. Their husbands get along well in the Near East until they bring their wives, and then there's trouble. This amuses Freya Stark. If you enjoy good manners in travel, and excellent writing, ask the librarian of your Public Library for "The Valley of the Assassins", a fine record of leisurely travel in Persia; "The Southern Gates of Arabia", an account of visits to ancient ports and inland cities of Hadhramaut, and "Bagdad Sketches". The last is just out and may be easier to get.

"To awaken alone in a strange town is one of the pleasantest sensations in the world," writes Freya Stark, and by that you know she is an uncommon traveler for a woman. She took a little house (six feet wide and costing thirty cents a day) in the poor district of Bagdad and talked in Arab dialect with the natives; she had a little Armenian girl for a maid. She saw the ominous signs of western life encroaching on the Near East; the airplanes on the Persian Gulf with passengers who "stroll twice a week with stiff and alien walk like the animated meteorites they are," the coming of prospectors for oil, "pitting the desert with holes." The writings in this book are sketches written at intervals, but they are excellent; in the earlier books, of more connected narratives, Freya Stark is even better. I enjoyed especially her comment on dealing with the people of eastern lands: "When living abroad it is always well to remember the definition of a gentleman as someone who is never unintentionally rude." (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES

AS early as 1851 a rich man of Providence, R. I., paid \$653 for the best seat at Jenny Lind's concert. Bristol has a Burnside Memorial building, named after the Civil War general, but nobody wears his style of whiskers today. John B. Herreshoff, the original designer of famous American yachts at Bristol, was stricken blind at 18. . . . The United States Marine Corps was born in Tun Tavern, Philadelphia, in 1775, and you may read a plaque on Water Street, between Chestnut and Walnut, commemorating it. . . . Rodin's art can be studied in Philadelphia, where the Musée Rodin of Paris has been reproduced by the heirs of a motion picture exhibitor, Mastbaum, who worshipped Rodin's art.

... On Cape Cod "they call a house a house, but a house with a shed is a village!"

Thus, information, talks about architecture, essays on industry and population, shipbuilding and farming, run through the books of the American Guide Series as they come from the Federal Writers projects of the WPA. The New England books, one for each State, are issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The Philadelphia book is issued by the William Penn Association. The Washington book comes direct from the Government printing office. So far, the New England books are the most attractive I've seen, with an immense amount of historical information and excellent photographs, especially for "Vermont" and "Massachusetts", and from now on the people of the United States will discover the rich historical associations of their own country with the help of these Guides.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE SERIOUS READER

"OUR TAXES" by William J. Shultz, tax consultant and professor of economics at the College of the City of New York, is intended to tell how taxes of all kinds are imposed, how they overlap, what reforms have been made and should be made in the future. Prof. Shultz says that the excess profits tax and

the undistributed profits tax will yield little revenue direct, but that the first affects capital stock taxes and the second increases personal income taxes. (Doubleday, \$2)

"Your Money and Your Life" by Gilbert Seldes is offered as "a manual for the 'middle classes'". This also is a book of information, discussing all phases of American troubles from the point of view of the man who has something to lose. Mr. Seldes aims at clarification; he believes true democracy will get us out of our difficulties, but his book offers no specific programs. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50)

"A History of the Business Man" by Miriam Beard is a large and ambitious book intended to tell how the man of business grew up through the ages and how he affected history. It traces the commercial spirit, shows how men took advantage of opportunity for gain and sometimes injured themselves, as when the merchant-rulers of medieval days sold cannon to their foes. In modern times business has become exploitation of backward areas on a large scale. The author discusses modern developments in war and business and the American situation. (779 pages, Macmillan, \$5) The author is a daughter of Charles A. Beard.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 39)

A visit to Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, was scheduled to take place before Major Hart's return to the East coast, but due to inclement weather, which had grounded all planes, and to lack of sufficient time to make the trip by any other mode of travel, the visit had to be canceled.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the annual Memorial Address on December 5 before the members of his home Lodge, Mount Vernon, N.Y., No. 842. On December 8 he met with the Grand Lodge Activities Committee at his offices in New York City.

Major Hart participated in a broadcast, on December 8, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, over WABC and affiliated stations, in a nation-wide hookup. This round-table discussion on the subject of traffic safety was carried on by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Paul G. Hoffman, President of the Automotive Safety Foundation and the Studebaker Corporation, and David M. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board of the B. F. Goodrich Company. The Subordinate Lodges had been notified in advance by jumbo Western Union telegrams which were placed on bulletin boards for the information of members. A veritable flood of letters and wires attested to the popular approval of this very fine broadcast.

Major Hart next spoke over Station WMT on December 11 at Cedar Rapids, Ia. He was accompanied on his visit there by Lloyd Maxwell of Chicago, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and a P.E.R. of Marshalltown, Ia., Lodge. Both distinguished Elks were entertained extensively by Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251 and attended the banquet and dance which were features of the social program. A meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association was in progress, and the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the officers and delegates. He held a conference on Sunday, December 12, with the Exalted Rulers of Iowa Lodges. The meeting was attended by Mr. Maxwell, representatives of every Lodge in the State, all of the Iowa District Deputies, the officers of the State Association and a large number of local and visiting Elks.

The Cedar Rapids radio program was followed by a broadcast over KMOX at St. Louis, Mo., on December 13. A banquet was given in Major Hart's honor by St. Louis Lodge No. 9. This delightful event followed the Grand Exalted Ruler's afternoon conference with Exalted Rulers from Southern Illinois and Eastern Missouri Lodges. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge; Past Grand Esteemed Leading

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Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, and P.E.R. J. H. Dickbrader, of Washington Lodge, Pres. of the Mo. State Elks Assn., were among the prominent Elks who attended the meeting and banquet.

On December 29 the Grand Exalted Ruler was interviewed over Station WBAL, Baltimore, Md., by

H. Dorsey Newson, Publicity Counsel for the Elks Traffic Safety Program. Major Hart's broadcasting activities will be continued throughout his administration. The transcription programs, sponsored by the Subordinate Lodges and State Associations, presented over some 180 stations, are also being continued.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

Banquet for Elks and Antlers of New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Eighty-six men and boys of the community were present at the Elks-Antlers Banquet held recently at the Ocean House in New Smyrna, Fla. Before the speaking program began, each member of New Smyrna Beach Lodge, No. 1557, who attended was introduced by Toastmaster W. M. Miller, P.E.R., and each Elk in turn introduced his guest.

The principal address was made by E.R. Judge Herbert B. Frederick of Daytona Beach Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. The other speakers were D. D. I. Walter Hawkins, DeLand; E.R. H. F. Fuller, New Smyrna; Exalted Antler Charles Benet, New Smyrna; H. A. Schubiger, supervising principal of the local schools, and Attorney J. U. Gillespie. The Antlers organization of New Smyrna Beach Lodge was instituted five years ago and was the first in the State of Florida.

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge Reports Some Activities

Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, received D.D. H. C. Olcott of Red Lodge at its regular meeting on Dec. 6, and initiated a class in his honor. More than 150 members were present. A banquet was served later and moving pictures taken at the Convention of the Montana State Elks Assn. last year were shown.

The smoker sponsored by the Lodge's Band and Drum Corps was an enjoyable affair. An oyster supper was served and a floor show presented. One of the social events at the close of the year was the annual homecoming party for the young people under 21 years of age whose relatives are Elks. About 250 attended.

Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge Engages in Continuous Activity

In addition to regular ceremonies and observances of holidays participated in by all the Lodges of the Order, a program of its own was carried out during the Lodge year by Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471. Every week there has been either an outstanding social function or a meeting characterized by some special feature. Nationality Nights and Inter-Lodge Visits were popular. Among the Lodges entertained

by the Palo Elks were San Mateo, Gilroy, San Jose, Redwood City and Monterey. Roll Call Night brought a large number of Old Timers to the new and commodious Lodge Home.

Watertown, Wis., Lodge Reports Success of 7-Point Program

When the 1937-38 officers of Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666, headed by E.R. W. C. Roeder, were installed, a seven-point program was adopted at the meeting containing the following objectives: A 100 per cent paid-up membership, the initiation of 20 new members, the renovation and redecorating of the Lodge Home, the purchase of new furniture and fixtures, the establishment of a triple A credit rating, the perfecting of club facilities for entertainment, and excellence in ritualistic work. The results, as the Lodge year draws to a close, are gratifying, the majority rating 100 per cent with but one going as low as 70.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Honors Its 25-Year Members

An "Old Timers' Night" was held this winter by St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, with all members of 25 years standing occupying seats of honor around the altar. An interesting ceremony was held when honorary officers, appointed by E.R. Oliver F. Ash, Jr., reinitiated the veteran members.

C. J. Arnheiter, who has been a member of the Lodge for 54 years, was given a diamond studded key, and gold keys were presented to all the other Old Timers. Refreshments were served in the Rathskeller of the Home. The program closed at eleven o'clock with the giving of two old time toasts by P.E.R. W. C. Guels and Tom Muldoon. Chairman Ralph Wagner and the members of the General Activities Committee were in charge of arrangements.

Successful "Baseball Night" Held by Sonora, Calif., Lodge

"Baseball Night," held recently by Sonora, Calif., Lodge, No. 1587, brought a large and enthusiastic crowd to the Lodge Home. The festivities started with a banquet followed by a short business session presided over by E.R. Irving J. Symons, and ended with an informal get-together featured by the introductions of the baseball celebrities who were

guests of honor. Talks were made by Joe DiMaggio, star Yankee outfielder, "Lefty" O'Doul, present manager of the San Francisco Seals, and Bill Cunningham, former New York Giants outfielder and former coach of the Chicago White Sox. Walter Mails, former National League batting champion, now public relations manager of the San Francisco Seals, was Master of Ceremonies.

Earl "Hap" Collard, a member of Sonora Lodge and a former major league pitcher, was instrumental in "rounding up" this impressive array of baseball talent. With one exception, all were members of the Order.

John R. Coen Presents Life Memberships at Boulder, Colo., Lodge

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, accompanied by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger and Past Grand Esquire Jacob L. Sherman, of Denver, visited Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566, recently. The visit was for the purpose of presenting the life membership cards voted by the Lodge to P.E.R.'s Dr. H. D. Ingalls, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and H. D. Tobey, P.D.D. Mr. Coen delivered an eloquent address. Mr. Anfenger and Mr. Sherman also spoke, congratulating Dr. Ingalls and Mr. Tobey and praising them for their valuable services to their Lodge and to the Order. E.R. David V. Kirkmeyer presided and Edward Ellis was Chairman of the Arrangements Committee.

A venison dinner, served before the Lodge session, was enjoyed recently by the members. The venison was furnished by Steward Thurston Clifford who had been successful in a deer hunt.

Two Large Classes Initiated at Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge

Rivalry between two teams appointed by E.R. Robert A. Thompson in a membership contest staged by Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247, was so spirited that when the contest was over the number of signed applications was so large that the candidates had to be taken care of in two groups. Forty-nine were initiated first, with the regular officers of the Lodge, champions of the State, officiating. Two hundred Elks were present for the ceremonies and the supper served later in the banquet room of the Home.

At a subsequent meeting forty more were initiated with the Klamath Falls Degree Team again in charge. This time a venison steak feed was served. Both classes were dedicated to Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart.

Ore. State Elks Assn. Holds Mid-winter Meeting at Eugene

A successful mid-winter meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association was held recently with Eugene Lodge No. 357 acting as host. Invitations

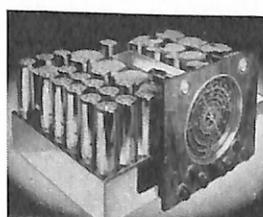


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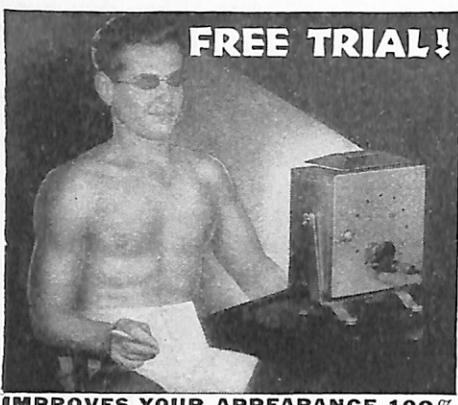
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To All Members

Congress recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.



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had been extended to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all the Lodges in the State, most of which were accepted. Membership of the Lodges in the Association is rapidly nearing 100 per cent.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Holds Series of Benefits

A series of benefits for its holiday charity was held by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906 climaxed by a show at the Fox Rosemary Theatre. Some of the most popular screen, stage and radio stars appeared on the program including Eddie Cantor and Mickey Rooney. Jimmy Wallington, who is a member of Santa Monica Lodge, was one of the several masters of ceremonies. The theatre, which seats about 1,400, was completely filled and a large sum was realized.

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge Rewards Essay Contest Winners

At a public meeting in the auditorium of the local high school, the eleven winners in an essay contest sponsored by Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, were presented with cash prizes by the Elks' committee. The subject matter of the essays covered the United States Constitution, its makers and its amendments. Over 212 students participated. As a further gesture, on the part of the Lodge, all of the 500 high school students were invited to a Christmas party and practically all accepted. A movie matinee was given in the afternoon.

Broadcast of Memorial Services by Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge

Hundreds of people throughout the "Redwood Empire" tuned in on Station KSRO to listen to the broadcast of the annual Memorial Services held by Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge, No. 646. E.R. George H. McMurdo and his officers performed the ceremonies. Attorney Joseph P. Berry, P.E.R., was the principal speaker and Secy. Harley H. Smith called the names on the "Mystic Roll." The Lodge received many telephone messages and letters of praise from those who had listened in on the impressive exercises.

Manila, P. I., Lodge Receives First Visit of D.D. S. N. Schechter

Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, received the first official visit made by D.D. S. N. Schechter, one of its Past Exalted Rulers. The meeting was dedicated to the members belonging to the Bench and Bar. Their spokesman, Justice George R. A. Malcolm, responded to the welcoming address of E.R. Leo Fischer. An interesting talk on police department war against crime was given by Capt. Thomas Dugar, a visiting Elk from the States.

Improvements have been made on the Lodge Home and its club facilities. The bowling alleys are in constant use. The Lodge has extended

its social and community welfare work, and enjoys steady financial progress.

D.D. Moss Makes Official Visit to Waycross, Ga., Lodge

The official visit of D.D. T. L. Moss, Jr., of Columbus, to Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, was preceded by a dinner given in his honor by E.R. Robert L. Cowart at the Ware Hotel. Past State Pres. Walter E. Lee, Vice-Pres. R. Sam Monroe, Frank B. McDonald, Jr., Samuel Fraley and C. W. Deming were guests. A class of candidates was initiated at the meeting, which attracted a large crowd. The District Deputy's excellent speech was warmly received.

Through the courtesy of P.E.R. B. W. Redding, who now resides in Shamrock, Fla., a program of the first social session held by Waycross Lodge many years ago was placed in the Lodge archives.

D.D. W. T. Lovins Visits Princeton, W. Va., Lodge

A class of 35 candidates was initiated in honor of D.D. W. T. Lovins of Huntington when he made his official visit to Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459. The Lodge has increased its membership more than 70 per cent since last April through reinstatements and new applications.

Large Membership Increase Reported by Clearwater, Fla., Lodge

Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, has been taking in new members on a large scale since the middle of November when it initiated a class of 24 of Clearwater's best citizens. Another representative class of 20 was initiated in January.

Initiation Honors P.E.R.'s of Longview, Wash., Lodge

A large class was initiated recently by Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, in honor of P.E.R.'s Joseph Fotheringill and R. M. Anderson. Past Exalted Rulers occupied the Chairs with Mr. Fotheringill presiding and Charles H. Evans acting as Est. Lead. Knight. Their sons, Joe Fotheringill, Jr., and Arthur Evans, Past Exalted Antlers of the Longview junior organization, were members of the class. A floor show followed the meeting.

Annual Charity Ball Held By Salina, Kans., Lodge a Success

Nearly 400 couples attended the Elks Charity Ball given by Salina, Kans., Lodge, No. 718, several weeks before Christmas. The affair was not only a social success, but netted proceeds amounting to more than \$300, the greater part of which was spent on necessities for needy families. The rest was turned into the Elks Christmas Basket Fund. P.E.R. Earl Branson and G. M. Harris, heads of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, were in charge of arrangements.

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"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one and only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."

JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



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